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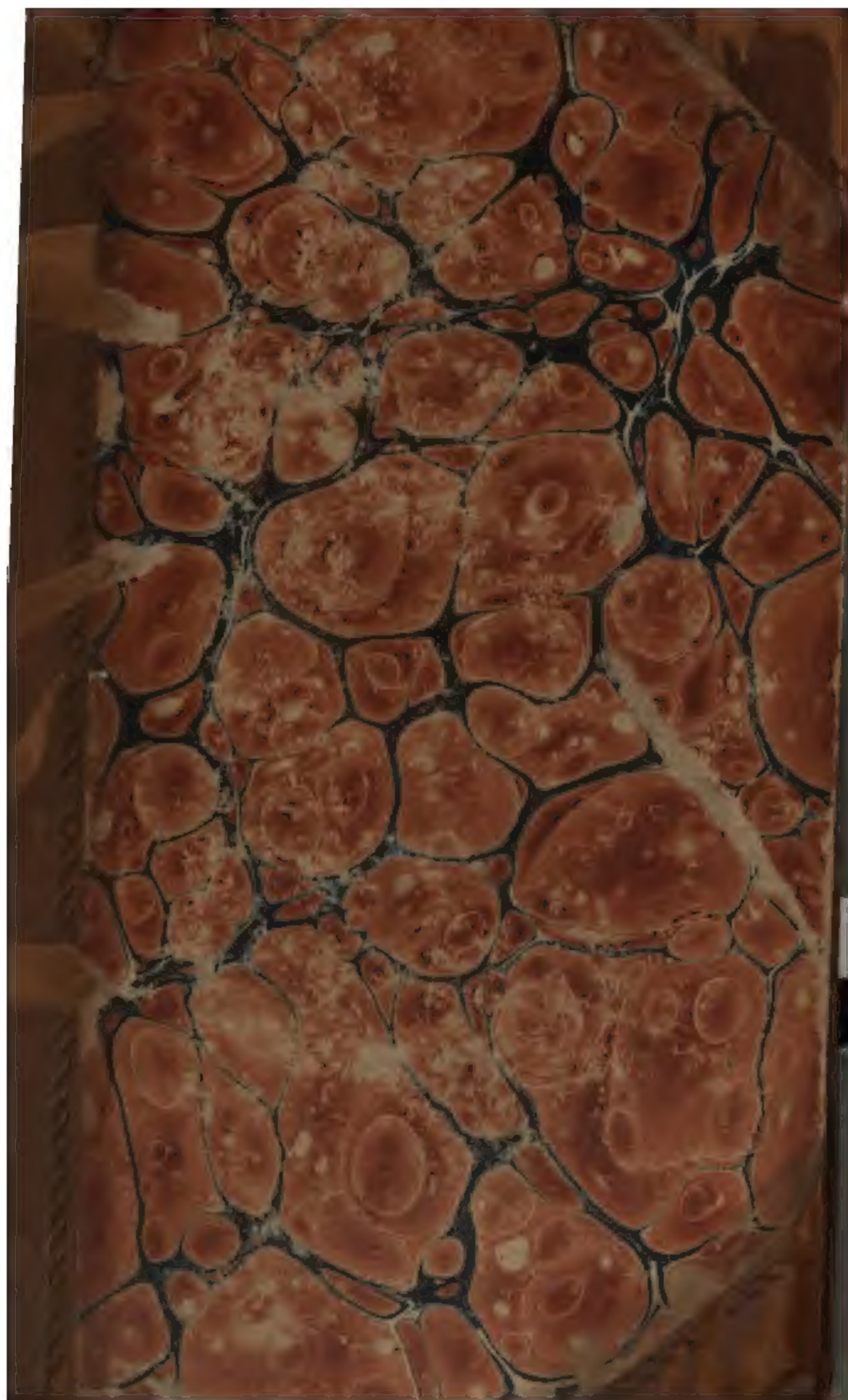
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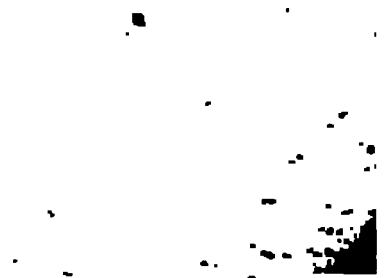
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27. 238.

THE GONDOLA.

■

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THE GONDOLA.

MARCHANT, PRINTER, INGRAM-COURT.

THE
GONDOLA.

MS. 1827.

The colouring of the scenes which fleet along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.

Byron.

LONDON:

LUPTON RELFE, 13, CORNHILL.



1827.

238.

TO

JAMES WADMORE, JUN. ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

I BEG leave to dedicate to you the following pages, soliciting, at the same time, your indulgence for the many defects they contain. My only apology is, that they were written under auspices and in situations the least favourable to style or general correctness, and, with you, I feel assured that this will go a great way in extenuation of the errors to which I plead guilty.

Should the public take cognizance of my literary offences, and award punishment, the present volume will, at all events, afford me an opportunity of expressing to you my sincere esteem and respect, united with my best wishes for your happiness, and this is a consolation of which neither evil fortune nor the utmost severity of criticism can deprive me.

I am,

My dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

THE AUTHOR.

Dec. 1826.

GENERAL REG. NO. 50-1051209-0461-100-1000000

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... THE DEGREE OF ...

Journal of Management Education 30(6)p.789-804

1. The first group of respondents (30%) was composed of individuals who had been employed by the company for less than one year. This group was the least experienced and the least likely to have been involved in the company's history.

$$S_{\text{eff}} = \int d^4x \sqrt{-g} \left[\frac{1}{2} R - \frac{1}{2} (\partial_\mu \phi)^2 - V(\phi) \right] + \int d^4x \sqrt{-g} \mathcal{L}_m$$

. It may, perhaps, be necessary to state that a portion of the present volume appeared, some time ago, in a periodical publication.

2010-01-14

ERRATA.

Page 201, line 17, *for* beneath him, *read* beneath them.

„ 204, „ 18, *for* Moravia, *read* Bavaria.

„ 230, „ 18, *for* Ouayu, *read* ' Ouayo.

THE
G O N D O L A.

CHAPTER I.

“ A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle, free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.”

Allan Cunningham.

WE sailed from Gravesend, for Barbadoes, on a fine afternoon, in the summer of 18—. The Gondola, as trim a brig as was ever launched, had good accommodations, and the captain had no reason to complain of a want of passengers; there were, indeed, thirteen, independent of

myself, and with them I shall presently endeavour to make my reader acquainted. It was a beautiful but melancholy sight to me when the rays of the setting sun seemed to point, as with golden fingers, to the receding hills, which I imagined I was gazing upon for the last time; and then came thoughts of those whom I had left behind, and forebodings and tears. The captain perceived my emotion, and, clapping me on the shoulder with his hard rough hand, said, in as kindly a voice as he was master of, "Come, come, my good lad! never fret about leaving England, there's as green and pleasant a shore on the other side of this ocean, and you'll say so when you see it, or I am much mistaken."

He little thought that it was not alone the hills, the valleys, and the waters, that made me regret leaving my country, and that there were other ties, which my absence for a time had broken, and social delights, which I had been the means of interrupting. Ashamed, however, of what I then thought a weakness, I attempted to rally my spirits,

and entered into conversation with a young Irishman, with whom I had become familiar from having lived for two or three days at the same hotel, in Gravesend, before the arrival of our captain. He was about twenty years of age, proud, choleric, and impatient, but, at the same time, obliging, forgiving, and warm-hearted. I was of his own age, and we no sooner met than we were friends. To him, therefore, for the first day or two, I chiefly directed my discourse, but, after a short time, the whole of the passengers, although several were of extremely opposite tempers and habits, became as cordial towards each other as if they had all been members of one family. It would tire the patience of the reader were I to describe them successively, like a row of kings in the History of England; to avoid which I shall introduce them by degrees, as chance or inclination may determine. We had been for some days at sea, and were sitting over our wine, after dinner, when Mr. Robson, a middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking personage, an inimitable trencherman, and

not to be depised on the score of bibacity, suggested, as a plan for enlivening the voyage, that each should recount his adventures, or contribute in some way to the amusement of the others. As cards, draughts, and chess, began to annoy rather than please us, we all cheerfully agreed to his proposal, and, having voted him into the chair, and bound ourselves to consider him a kind of *rey absoluto*, we awaited the result with no little curiosity. His first call was upon a young man, apparently about thirty, of a very prepossessing, but pale and melancholy appearance. He was a poet, and grief and illness had banished the hues of youth from his cheek, but his eye was occasionally lighted up by the force of his own conceptions, and showed, even in its wreck, what a goodly vessel had been broken up. A faint flush stole across his countenance as the eyes of the company turned upon him. "Come, (said the chairman, smiling,) you must give us something, for I am despotic here. If you have nothing of your own, let us hear an extract or two from

those old letters you were poring over the whole of the morning. You need not mention names, and, of course, there will be no harm done."

At this allusion to his morning's employment, the poet seemed rather confused; but suddenly, as if the chairman, by mere chance, had helped him to a subject, he bowed in acquiescence, and commenced speaking in praise of

OLD LETTERS.

"I know of nothing (said he) more calculated to bring back the nearly-faded dreams of our youth, the almost-obliterated scenes and passions of our boyhood, and to recall the brightest and best associations of those days,

• When the young blood ran riot in the veins, and
Boyhood made us sanguine'—

nothing that more readily conjures up the alternate joys and sorrows of maturer years, the fluctuating

visions that have floated before the restless imagination, in times gone by, and the breathing forms and inanimate objects that wound themselves around our hearts, and became almost necessary to our existence, than the perusal of old letters. They are the memorials of attachment, the records of affection, the speaking-trumpets through which those whom we esteem hail us from afar; they seem hallowed by the brother's grasp, the sister's kiss, the father's blessing, and the mother's love. When we look on them, the friends, whom dreary seas and distant leagues divide from us, are again in our presence; we see their cordial looks, and hear their gladdening voices once more. The paper has a tongue in every character, it contains a language in its very silentness. They speak to the souls of men like a voice from the grave, and are the links of that chain which connects with the hearts and sympathies of the living an evergreen remembrance of the dead. I have one at this moment before me, which (although time has in a degree softened the regret I felt at the loss of him who penned it) I dare

scarcely look upon. It calls back too forcibly to my remembrance its noble-minded author—the treasured friend of my earliest and happiest days—the sharer of my puerile but innocent joys. I think of him as he then was, the free—the spirited—the gay—the welcome guest in every circle, where kind feeling had its weight, or frankness and honesty had influence; and in an instant comes the thought of what he now is, and pale and ghastly images of death are hovering round me. I see him, whom I loved, and prized, and honoured, shrunk into poor and wasting ashes. I mark a stranger closing his lids—a stranger following him to the grave—and I cannot trust myself again to open his last letter. It was written but a short time before he fell a victim to the yellow fever, in the West Indies, and told me, in the feeling language of Moore, that

‘ Far beyond the western sea
Was one whose heart remember’d me.’

“ On hearing of his death, I wrote some stanzas, which I have preserved—not out of any pride in

the verses themselves, but as a token of esteem for him to whom they were addressed, and as a true transcript of my feelings at the time they were composed. I make no apology for reciting them. To those who have never loved, nor lost a friend, they will appear trivial and of little worth; but those who have cherished and been bereft of some object of tenderness will recur to their own feelings; and, although they may not be able to praise the poetry, will sympathise with, and do justice to the sincerity of my attachment and affliction.

STANZAS.

FAREWELL! farewell! for thee arise
The bitter thoughts that pass not o'er;
And friendship's tears, and friendship's sighs,
Can never reach thee more;
For thou art dead, and all are vain
To call thee back to earth again.

And thou hast died where strangers' feet
Alone towards thy grave could bend;
And that last duty, sad, but sweet,
Has not been destined for thy friend:

He was not near to calm thy smart,
And press thee to his bleeding heart.

He was not near, in that dark hour
When Reason fled her ruined shrine,
To soothe with Pity's gentle power,
And mingle his faint sighs with thine ;
And pour the parting tear to thee,
As pledge of his fidelity.

He was not near when thou wert borne
By others to thy parent earth,
To think of former days, and mourn,
In silence, o'er departed worth ;
And seek thy cold and cheerless bed,
And breathe a blessing for the dead.

Destroying Death! thou hast one link
That bound me in this world's frail chain :
And now I stand on life's rough brink,
Like one whose heart is cleft in twain ;
Save that, at times, a thought will steal
To tell me that it still can feel.

Oh! what delights, what pleasant hours,
In which all joys were wont to blend,
Have faded now—and all Hope's flowers
Have withered with my youthful friend.

Thou feel'st no pain within the tomb—
'Tis theirs alone who weep thy doom.

Long wilt thou be the cherish'd theme
Of all their fondness—all their praise;
In daily thought and nightly dream,
In crowded halls and lonely ways;
And they will hallow every scene
Where thou in joyous youth hast been.

Theirs is the grief that cannot die,
And in their hearts will be the strife
That must remain with memory,
Uncancelled from the book of life.
Their breasts will be the mournful urns
Where sorrow's incense ever burns.

“ But there are other letters the perusal of which makes us feel as if reverting from the winter of the present to the spring-time of the past. These are from friends whom we have long known and whose society we still enjoy. There is a charm in contrasting the sentiments of their youth with those of a riper age, or, rather, in tracing the course of their ideas to their full developement;

for it is seldom that the feelings we entertain in the early part of our lives entirely change—they merely expand, as the full-grown tree proceeds from the shoot, or the flower from the bud. We love to turn from the formalities and cold politeness of the world to the “Dear Tom” or “Dear Dick” at the head of such letters. There is something touching about it—something that awakens a friendly warmth in the heart. It is shaking the hand by proxy—a vicarious “good morrow.” I have a whole packet of letters from my friend G——, and there is scarcely a dash or a comma in them that is not characteristic of the man. Every word bears the impress of freedom—the true *currente calamo* stamp. He is the most convivial of letter-writers—the heartiest of epistlers. Then there is N——, who always seems to bear in mind that it is “better to be brief than tedious,” for it must indeed be an important subject that would elicit from him more than three lines: nor hath his rib a whit more of the *cacoethes scribendi* about her.”

“ I beg pardon (said the chairman) for the interruption, but one would almost suppose they were the hero and heroine of an anecdote I remember somewhere to have heard, of a gentleman who, by mere chance, strolled into a coffee-house, where he met with a captain of his acquaintance on the point of sailing to New York, and from whom he received an invitation to accompany him. This he accepted, taking care, however, to inform his wife of it, which he did in these terms:—

‘ DEAR WIFE,

‘ I am going to America.

‘ Yours, truly.’

“ Her answer was not at all inferior either in laconism or tenderness :

‘ DEAR HUSBAND,

‘ A pleasant voyage.

‘ Yours, &c.’”

The poet smiled and continued : “ There are, again, other letters, differing, in character, from

all I have mentioned—fragments saved from the wreck of early love—reliques of spirit-buoying hopes—remembrancers of joy. They, perchance, remind us that that love has set in tears—that those hopes were cruelly blighted—that our joy is fled for ever. When we look on them we seem to feel that

—————‘ No time
‘ Can ransom us from sorrow.’

“ We fancy ourselves the adopted of Misery—Care’s lone inheritors. The bloom has passed away from our lives. But a letter which I received from one whom I knew a few years ago, on the subject of which I have been speaking, will better express my meaning.” The poet went to his writing-desk, and returned with two papers, and commenced reading: ‘ I have (says my friend, in his first letter) but one written token of her whom I loved in my youth. It is one of consolation, and yet of sorrow, for I received it on the evening after we had parted for ever. If you

will listen to the story of my love, you will not feel surprised that the sight of this letter should even now fill me with emotions which I cannot, and would not control.' I wrote to him, expressing my anxiety to become acquainted with his history, and received, a short time afterwards, the following:

“ ‘ It was on a beautiful July evening that I wandered from the small but romantic village of R——, in the south of France. I turned from the high road and struck into a retired and sheltered path. As I strolled onwards, the last faint streak of twilight disappeared, and the shadows from the trees threw an air of gloom over the face of the scene, which gave it double interest in my eyes. After roaming for some time, I at length reached the extremity of the path, and beheld—not a bower nor temple, with a shrine of flowers to which the winds pay homage,—not the cot of humble Industry, with its woodbined front and cheerful hearth, and smiling faces, which my busy imagination had pictured,—but a solitary mound

of earth, strewed with a few sweet flowers. At one end was the fragment of a simple cross, and at the other a wild rose-tree, bearing neither flower nor blossom, nor bud, nor leaf. It was, as I afterwards heard, the grave of a young soldier, who had borne, bravely and honourably, the dangers and toils of many battles; but the faithlessness of the maiden he loved subdued the spirit which never bowed before,—he died broken-hearted, and left none to weep for him, save an aged mother, whose palsied hands had gathered the scattered flowers that I saw on his grave,—they were the first, the last she ever placed there, for she died whilst strewing them. The rose-tree was supposed, by the peasantry of the place, to have been secretly planted by the maiden who deserted him, as it never bloomed, although many flowers near it were in all the pride of freshness and beauty. How could the roses bloom upon his grave, when planted by her hand who had blighted the rose of hope in his heart? that heart which proved how well it loved by dying when she smote it.

“ ‘ On a sudden the moon, that fair and noiseless spirit, who haunts the sky at night, rose in her beauty. The winds gave a last sigh to the flowers and died upon them. The birds had gone to their rest,—the grasshopper chirped

“ One good-night carol more,”

and all was silent,—silent as the grave near which I stood. I seated myself beside the broken cross, and gazed with mingled sensations on the scene around me, and the moon which silvered it; when the voice of the nightingale, and another, still sweeter, roused me from my reverie,—Henriette stood before me, without my having heard

“ The music of her footsteps on my spirits.”

Henriette had the kindest heart and the finest eyes of any girl I ever knew;—her voice stole o’er the mind like a spirit of Hope,—the most simple word became music when she uttered it.

“ ’Twas whispered balm,—’twas sunshine spoken,”

and a smile ever lingered around her lip, as if enamoured of its ruby haunt: she was, indeed, a joyous-hearted creature, and seldom sighed; or, if she did, it was for my sorrows, and not her own. We wandered homeward:—I scarcely felt her arm within my own, except at times when the shadow of some lofty tree or passing cloud alarmed her, and then she drew nearer to my side. Once, indeed, her lips came so close to mine, that I could not choose but press them. A kiss was not thought so great an offence in France as in England,—thus she was not very angry; but I remarked that she did not shrink from the shadows as before.

“ ‘ We reached her father’s residence, which was situated at the extremity of the village of R——, and I could not help noticing that Henriette appeared paler than usual, and that her hand trembled as she took the glass of Burgundy I presented to her. We had hitherto lived as brother and sister, guilelessly and happily together; but the kiss of that night had betrayed the state of my heart.

She grew not less kind, but less familiar towards me, and I cannot say that it grieved me; for, in my situation, it was a sin to love her. I was a poor boy, and had neither father nor mother to whom I could confide my puny cares. I had been left almost alone in the world, and the world seemed unkind to me;—but, no! no! there were some few hearts that loved me the better for my misfortunes, and strove to soothe my wounded spirit with sweet words and smiles, and hopes of happier days. I inherited a small but sufficient patrimony from my father, who appointed Mr. C——, a merchant then residing in London, my guardian. He was a strictly honourable, but severe and money-getting man, and this, at times, caused him to be harsh to the sensitive child, whose disposition so widely differed from his own; for even in my tenderest years I was subject to fits of despondency, especially when I saw other children, of my own age, passing their summer days (for with them the whole year seemed summer) beneath the smiles and happy eyes of their parents. He might have weaned me from my

wayward melancholy, but chose the wrong means. A kind word from his lips was all that was required,—but that he never gave. It happened that M. de P——, a French gentleman, from whom he had, some years before, received many friendly services during a short stay in France, arrived with his only daughter in London, and took up his residence at the house of Mr. C——. I was then nearly eleven years of age: M. de P—— conceived an interest for me, and offered to take me to France. My guardian did not regret that I was about to quit him, and instantly accepted the offer; yet, at parting, (although he had never before shown any affection towards me,) I think he was moved, for he stretched out his hand to me, and my tears fell upon it as I kissed it. He seemed confused, — perhaps, I might say, abashed. He was doubtless surprised I could grieve at leaving him; but, at that moment, all his stern treatment and unkindness were obliterated from my mind, and I remembered only the good that he had done me. In such feelings the child is richer than the man. The knowledge

of the world which we obtain in maturer years, but too frequently stifles, if it does not entirely subdue them ; and, in proportion as it calls to life the dormant energies of the understanding, deadens the kindlier sentiments and purer virtues of the heart.

“ ‘ We arrived in France. Henriette, the daughter of M. de P——, was about two years my elder, and beautiful

*As a young rose-bud, opening slowly,
Kissed by the breath of May.*

She was of the liveliest disposition in the world, and, by degrees, her sweet smile taught me cheerfulness. We played together—we learned together—we wept together : our sports, and studies, and tears were in communion. As I advanced in years I felt how dangerous her presence became, yet had not the power to fly from it. M. de P—— was wealthy, and his daughter the sole heiress to his fortune. I scorned to wrong my benefactor by

beguiling the affections of his lovely and innocent child, for I knew that all his hopes were centred in her, and I could not, if a world had been my recompense, have destroyed them. I once hinted my wish of returning to my guardian, but he would not listen to it. I was thus compelled still to hear the too-fascinating voice, and meet the glances of the beautiful dark eyes of Henriette. I attained my eighteenth year. M. de P—— retired to his chateau, near the village of R——, where we had resided but two days when I took the evening ramble which I have already described. From that time we were less together, for she read my feelings, and, if she did not love, I am sure she pitied me. A few months afterwards the young Count de B—— came on a visit. He saw, and loved, Henriette. If any living being deserved Henriette, it was the young Count de B——, for he not only inherited the title of nobility, but, also, every qualification of the head and heart that is calculated to adorn it; yet, I thought—but this, perhaps, was vanity—that she received his addresses more for her father's sake than for her own.

On the morning that she was to leave the chateau, to accompany her father and the Count to Paris, I was confined to my room by indisposition. A gentle tap at the door told me that Henriette was come to bid me adieu,—and for ever! I trembled, and the pulses of my heart seemed to pause. She entered. The paleness of my cheeks appeared to startle her. “I am afraid you are not well, Charles!” she uttered, feebly,—and took my hand. “Charles,” she added, “I am come on a mournful errand:—we must part—perhaps, for ever!—and”——she burst into tears; but suddenly, as if recollecting herself, turned away to conceal them; then, assuming a more composed air, she continued: “I know and admire your feelings; and, were I allowed to follow my own, I—but it is a sin to think of it now. No:” (added she, with more firmness,) “we must part! Forget that you ever knew Henriette. But, no! no! I do not ask that:—think of her sometimes—but think of her as a sister—a sister who has always loved you, Charles. Seek among your own countrywomen one who will make your days, and

weeks, and years pass as a dream of fairy. Farewell! my father (she was too kind to say her lover) awaits me." She pressed her lips, for the last time, against my burning forehead, and rushed out of the chamber. I sat, for a moment, without the power to speak or even think,—my sense of feeling, as well as happiness, had fled with Henriette.

' Struck to the heart, and motionless with grief,
An unobservant, reckless man, I sat,
And heard not—spoke not—thought not of my woes.'

" ' On a sudden, the sound of carriage-wheels aroused me from my stupor. I was too weak to walk, but contrived to crawl on my hands and knees to the window which overlooked the street, and supported myself by clinging to the cornice-work at the side. Henriette advanced to the carriage—one foot was already on the step—she turned, and, as if involuntarily, looked towards the window of my apartment, but, on seeing me, hurried, tremblingly, into the coach, and our eyes never met again. M. de P—— and the Count

de B—— followed: the door was closed—the postilion drove off—and Henriette was lost to me for ever! I followed the carriage with my eyes until it turned the corner of the street, and, at length, totally disappeared. The few remaining energies which that moment of trial had called into play now forsook me, and I sank into a state of utter helplessness and exhaustion both of body and mind. Henriette was dead to me; and I was again in the world, wretched, friendless, and alone. The letter which I received from her on the day subsequent to her departure is to me, alternately, a source of pleasure and pain:—in my happier moments it makes me melancholy; in sorrow it is a comfort. I have preserved it for many years, and, come what will, it shall go down to the grave with me.’”

There were two very pretty young ladies and their mother present, all of whom, if cambric handkerchiefs be admitted in evidence, compassionated the poet's friend sincerely; he, however, without regarding them, and apparently wrapped

up in his own thoughts and feelings, quitted his seat at the table and went upon deck.

Amongst our company we had one gentleman, a Mr. Jones, whose whole conversation consisted of common-place expressions from the newspapers, hackneyed sentences from the poets, and scraps of cant and ignorance from the criticisms of the day. No sooner had the poet left the cabin than he ejaculated, "The course of true love never did run smooth;" and was proceeding to give some further specimens of his originality, when he was interrupted by the elderly lady, who declared, "that, for her part, she thought the poor young poet himself was dying for love."

"Love! (said my Irish friend, stealing a tender and significant glance at the youngest daughter,) love is too gentle a visitant to kill; like mercy, it"——

"Ay, I know what you would say, (cried Mr. Jones,) it blesseth him that gives, and him that

takes." Now this was not exactly what the other meant to have added ; but, as he did not wish to be overwhelmed with trite observations, he bowed in token of assent, and was silent.

" Why, surely, sir, (resumed the lady,) neither you nor Mr. Jones will deny that such things do often happen ; and, if this be the case, it may be the fate of the gentleman who has just left us, as well as of anybody else."

" Undoubtedly, madam, (answered O'D.) but it is a point on which I am rather sceptical. The amount of victims offered up on the shrine of Cupid I believe to be greatly exaggerated."

" Well, (said the lady, smiling,) I will not attempt to convince you ; but, pray, Mr. Jones, what is your opinion respecting dying for love?"

" Why, really, madam, (replied Mr. Jones,) I— I— that is— I consider it to be ' a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance.'"

The company smiled; and Mr. Jones followed their example; but it struck me that he had little reason for so doing.

“Come, madam, (said the chairman, good-humouredly,) you have not asked me what I think of the subject: an old man may have his opinion in love-matters as well as the younger ones.”

“Certainly, sir, and I should feel most happy in hearing yours, for neither of these gentlemen seems willing to oblige me.”

The two gentlemen (to use a parliamentary phrase) explained; and the chairman commenced as follows:—

“Dying for love, madam, appears to me a very silly thing; it answers no good end whatsoever. It is poetical, romantic, perhaps immortalizing; but, nevertheless, it is silly, and often-

times exceedingly inconvenient. I have been pretty near it myself, six or seven times, but, thanks to my obstinacy, (for which, indeed, I ought to be thankful, seeing I possess a very considerable portion of that unyielding essence,) I have contrived to keep death from the door, and despair from the sanctuary of my thoughts. I cannot, in fact, believe that half of those who have the credit (*I should say discredit*) of dying for love, have deserved it. A man fixes his affections on a piece of cold beauty—a morsel of stony perfection—or on one far above him in rank and fortune—or an equal, who has, unfortunately, a lover whom she prefers. Well! he becomes melancholy, takes cold upon it, and dies. But his proves nothing; he might have died if his passion had been returned, or if he had never loved at all. The fate of my friend R—— is a case in point. He was deeply enamoured of a very beautiful but adamantine lady, and, as a matter of course, grew very low-spirited and very miserable. He did not long survive; and, as

another matter of course, it was given out that he died for love.

“ As the world seemed to think it sounded better than saying that his death was occasioned by drinking cold water, immediately after walking ten miles under a burning sun, I did not contradict the report, although I had good grounds for so doing, and it became very generally believed. Some aver that Leander died of love, ‘ because, (say they,) if Hero had not been on the other side of the Hellespont, he would not have been drowned—*argal*, he died for love.’ ”

“ These are your primary-cause-men ! your wholesale deduction-mongers ! Now I am a plain-spoken fellow, and more apt to draw natural than romantic conclusions—*argal*, I say he died of the cramp, or from being carried away by the rapidity of the stream ; although I know, at the same time, that this is not the *current* opinion. I am no poet, and, therefore, take no poetic licenses ; the

romantic *do*; and I am quite willing to let common sense decide between us. Let me not, however, be misunderstood; I argue not on the impossibility, but on the folly and inconsistency of dying for love. That it has occasionally happened I am well aware. I remember Marian T——, when she was as lovely and lively a girl as ever laid a blushing cheek on a snowy pillow, and sank into dreams of innocence and joy. I remember her, too, when the rose was fading from her cheek, and solace and happiness had vanished for ever from her forsaken heart. There was the impress of blighted hope upon her brow—the record of a villain's faithfulness upon her sunken cheek; her eye told of long suffering, and her constant but melancholy smile evinced how patiently she endured it. Day by day the hue of mortality waxed fainter and fainter; her beautiful form wasted away, and she became at last like a spirit of heaven dwelling among, but scarcely holding communion with, the sons and daughters of the earth."

The latter part of her life seemed an abstraction,—a dream,—an unconsciousness of what was passing around her. The sister of S—— (of S——, who had broken the vows that were pledged with such seeming fidelity to Marian) abhorred her brother's perfidy, and was fonder than ever of the poor heart-broken girl. She sincerely pitied her,—

"For pitee renneth sone in gentil herte,"

and sought, by every means in her power, to revive her past energies, and recall her to lost happiness and peace. But it was too late; although she complained not, her spirit was broken for ever: and in the effort of raising herself to give a last kiss to her friend, she sank back and died without a struggle or a sigh.

"There were some lines in a periodical work, shortly after her death, evidently written by a person acquainted with the particulars, which, I think, may not improperly be introduced here.

TO G—— S——.

There's a stain on thee that can never fade,
Though bathed in the mists of future years;
And this world will be but a world of shade,
Of sorrow, and anguish, and bitter tears.
Thou hast seen a flow'ret pine away,
That, loved by thee, would have blossom'd fair;
And thou shalt meet with a worse decay,
And wither and die in thy soul's despair.

Like the summer's breath was the gentle tale,
With which thou told'st of thy love and truth;
But thy falsehood came, like the wintry gale,
And blighted the flower in early youth.
It has sunk to earth, but nor tear nor sigh
Has e'er betrayed thy bosom's pain;
Yet a day will come when thou would'st die
To call it back from the grave again.

Had'st thou cherish'd it with the smile that won
Its fadeless love in spring's blooming hour;
Had thy love beam'd o'er it like the sun,
Whose rays are life to the drooping flow'r;—
It had still been fair, and thou had'st now
Been calm as the lake that sleeps in rest;
But the ray of joy shall ne'er light thy brow,
Nor pleasure dwell in thy lonely breast.

For the lovely one, whom thou left'st forlorn,
A deep lament shall be;
But no heart will sigh, and no bosom mourn,
And no eye e'er weep for thee.
Thou wilt pass away to the realms of Death,
In solitude and gloom,
And a curse will cling to thy parting breath,
As awful as thy doom.

“ But this and a few other extreme cases I consider as mere exceptions to my general rule. Now, supposing as I have said before, that a man doats upon a beauty without a heart, what, in the name of reason, should induce him to die for one who does not care a rush for him? There may be others who would have more feeling and less coquetry, with quite as many personal charms. Or, supposing that he is attached to one far above him, either in fortune or rank, or in both; what then! must he therefore waste away, and become the mere shadow of himself? A child may long to catch a star as he does a butterfly, or to turn the sun round as he is accustomed to turn his hoop, but his non-success would not, as nurses

call it, 'be the death of him.' Again: let us imagine that a man places his affections on an equal, and that she has a stronger yearning towards another; still, I say, there is no harm done; let him think (as I should do) that there may be other females with quite as many outward attractions and more discernment. I have no notion of dying to please any one. I have had too much trouble to support existence to think of laying it down upon such grounds, and I should deem it quite enough to perish for the sake of one who really loved me: for one who did not I should be sorry to suffer a single twinge of the rheumatism or the lumbago. I have read of a man who actually fancied he was fading away, 'a victim to the tender passion,' but who afterwards discovered that his complaint was caused by abstaining too long from his necessary food. This was a sad fall from the drawing-room-window of romance into the area of common sense and real life; but he was forced to make the best of it; so he took his meals oftener, and thought no more about it. He afterwards actually became a suitor to another, was married,

and now, I have no doubt, thinks just as I do on the subject of dying for love.

“ Ere I part with you, ‘ my hearers all!’ take notice of these my last words and farewell directions, which I give in sincerity of heart, and out of anxiety for your welfare. Ye who have never been in love, but who are approaching insensibly towards it—Corydons of sixteen—Apollines imberbês come home for the holidays! take heed! ye are entering on a little-known and perilous sea: look to your bark lest she founder; bring her head round, and scud away before the wind into the port of Indifference. There is danger in the very serenity that sleeps upon the waves; there is faithlessness in the lightest breath that curls them. Ye who are in love—ye who are already on the deceitful ocean—listen to me! look out for squalls! beware of hurricanes! have a care of approaching storms! there may be an enemy’s ship nearer than you wot of! just give a salute, and sheer off to Bachelors’ Harbour. And ye, the last and most pitiable class of all—ye, who fancy yourselves

dying for love, make a tack! about ship! and, above all, keep plenty of good wine a-board; so that, where a sigh is rising in the throat, you may choke it with a bumper; and in case of tears flowing, depend upon it that port will prove the best eye-water."

As he concluded, the lady began to expatiate in favour of her own particular views of the subject, and to examine, like a critic, the pretensions of her adversary, when the poet re-entered the cabin, and she instantly changed the conversation.

CHAP. II.

———"Why, thou rascal,
To tell me these impossibilities."—*Massinger.*

WE had three foreigners on board, viz. an old German doctor, his nephew, and a Dutch planter. The first of these was a tall, portly man, with a round good-natured-looking face, a thickly-powdered head, and most formidable plaited pigtail; he spoke the English language imperfectly, but made up for a want of words by a laudable superabundance of action, and became extremely vehement at times, when he met with any opposition in argument. This, however, only occurred before dinner, for he was never out of humour after he had regaled. From the moment that his knife and

fork were securely in his grasp until the close of his repast, he spoke not a syllable, but his nature seemed undergoing a gradual process of improvement, and he generally became as loquacious and as full of vivacity as any amongst us.

His nephew, having resided a long while in England, spoke the language fluently. He was a good-looking, intelligent young man, of rather a romantic turn, and delighted in the wild and supernatural legends of his father-land.

The president, first tapping the table with a cork-screw, to enforce silence and attention, called upon the young German, who immediately related the adventures of

KARL, AND HIS HORSE NICOLAUS.

A young German, who was serving his time to a jeweller, at Magdeburg, was allowed by his master, in the third year of his apprenticeship, to go to Brunswick, to see his parents. That he

might effect this with comfort to himself, and in a way worthy of the assistant of a respectable tradesman and public functionary of Magdeburg, his master lent him one of his own horses, and provided him with money; whilst the old cook, with whom he was a great favourite, filled his wallet with all the dainties that she could lay her hands upon, and gave him sundry well-meaning hints and admonitions, touching the temptations that awaited him in Brunswick. It was on the morning of Midsummer-day, in the year 1630, that he arose at six o'clock, lighted his travelling-pipe, and mounted the steed, which by no means seemed to sympathize with his rider in the pleasure to be derived from the prospect of a long journey. He was, in truth, a sluggish beast, over-fed and under-worked, and apparently upon such good terms with himself that, when he took anything into his head, the whip was of no avail, and the spur, however manfully applied, could not drive him from his purpose. He was so fat, that Karl, although a handsome stripling, looked, with his legs sticking out almost at right angles, like a Y

turned upside down. "The devil take thee on our journey, (said Karl,) if thou goest not more speedily than at present. Would I had all the money that has been expended on thee in the article of whips; truly with that I might buy a better animal than thou art, or hast been, or ever wilt be." As he concluded his petulant, but, under all the circumstances, excusable harangue, Nicolaus (for that was his horse's name) shook his head, and gave two or three most significant neighs, which seemed pretty much the same as "Hold thy peace, and speak not of that which thou understandest not! Assuredly I am the best judge of what pace is most proper for me and advisable for thee; I am come to years of discretion, and shall take especial care of thy neck and my own health and comfort!" Well, on they jogged, every now and then renewing this kind of conversation, which always ended in the same manner. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Karl, to the entire satisfaction of Nicolaus, alighted at the Three Golden Bottles, a small *herberge*, or public-house, situated at the extremity of a hamlet, re-

plenished his *meerscham*, and seated himself in a room set apart for the more respectable visitors of this notable house of entertainment, on the outside of which hung a board, whose crooked letters indicated to travellers that

“Horses might a stable find,
And men have liquors to their mind.”

At one corner of the room he beheld two persons playing at cards, and remarked that one of them, who appeared, by his dress and the sums of money that he staked, to be a substantial farmer, continually lost; at which the other, who was a dark, mysterious-looking man, only smiled, and every now and then incited him to continue his destructive course, by saying, “It is your turn now! play boldly, the luck cannot always keep to one side. Come! to give you a better chance, I will put down double to your single stakes.” The farmer, buoyed up with the hopes of regaining his money, which was, indeed, the greater part of what he possessed in the world, played on until he

had lost all, and then, burning with ill-concealed rage and disappointment, rushed out of the room, whilst he, who had made himself possessor of his wealth, laughed thrice, loudly and triumphantly, and stole out, as Karl supposed, to follow his unfortunate companion. Now, our young traveller had looked on attentively, and saw the result of their gaming with no very pleasant feelings. He was, in particular, shocked and indignant at the cold-hearted laugh that escaped from the dark lips of the stranger. Karl drank his wine faster and faster, and puffed out the smoke from his pipe with greater rapidity and in larger volumes than he had heretofore done. He was vexed at the defeat and triumph he had just witnessed, and vowed, in his own mind, should the man who had last left him return, to stake all that his master had given him, rather than he should carry it with so high a hand. The fact is, the old cook, to whom we have already alluded, had given Karl a very respectable initiation into the mystery of card-playing, on divers cold winter's nights, by the kit-

chen fire. Now, the game at which the strangers had been engaged was the very one on which he prided himself not a little. The truth must be spoken—mine is not a *perfect* hero;—besides, being double loaded with ambition, he was primed with vanity, which no sooner encountered the match of opposition, than explosion took place, and this made many rather cautious of coming in his way. In a short time, the successful stranger re-entered the chamber, but his adversary came not with him. He challenged Karl, who instantly accepted his offer, called for more wine, and again filled his pipe. He played for very small stakes, yet his little purse was getting lower and lower; for the stranger had an advantage over him, which he was slow to believe, but which, at last, was too evident. At length, he had little more than sufficient remaining, to discharge the bill of the herbergist, and arose from the table with impatience and vexation. It is doubtful whether the loss of the money affected him so much as the wound that his youthful pride had suffered. He was turning to depart, when the laugh, or rather yell,

of his companion checked him. Stung to the soul by the insult, Karl flew towards him and aimed a blow full at his face, but, in the act of doing so, fell forward on his hands. He sprang up, but the stranger was gone, although the door had been, and was still closed, and the windows were down. Karl's anger now gave place to astonishment. He was convinced that the stranger had dealings with the devil; nay, he almost thought that he had been gambling with the arch master of the ceremonies himself. He found, also, that either astonishment or Rhenish wine had had the effect of making his steps indecisive, his head giddy, and reduced the chance of keeping on his legs and the risk of falling down to pretty even terms. He, however, paid his host, and, without knowing how he got there, found himself on the back of Nicolaus, riding along, as it appeared to him, much more rapidly than usual. What surprised him most of all was that every thing around him seemed likewise to have gotten the travelling mania. There were some fine old elms, going at the rate of ten miles an hour, and, what was very remarkable, some little

shrubs, that grew near, appeared to keep up with them. A large farm-house was in pursuit of a barn, but they were so well matched that there was but little chance of its being overtaken. There was, also, an admirable steeple-chase between the heads of two distant churches, and a boy, who was sitting on a bank by the road-side, rode past him in excellent style. "This may be all very agreeable (muttered Karl) to the parties concerned, but, for my part, I care not how soon they finish their long-winded race. Stop! stop! Nicolaus, no galloping, if it please thee, thou unruly steed of Satan. Whenever I have desired thee to use thy speed, thou hast gone slowly enough, and now, thou must, out of thy very obstinacy, and regardless of my safety, hurry on as if thy master were behind thee!" He pulled the rein as he finished speaking, and Nicolaus suddenly stood still. His rider had awakened him from a fine sleeping jog-trot, and he looked as if he much marvelled what satisfactory reason could be given for it. There was no stable near, which, doubtless, appeared to him the only fair excuse for a full

stop, nor was there the least sign of provender. However, for once, he seemed determined to do as his rider wished, and still he stood—

As Hildebrand the gallant knight,
Who saw his ladye's ghost at night
Throwe off the veiling palle and shroude,
And vanish through a parted cloude.

Karl began to be better satisfied, for as he had before conceived that he was riding at a gallop when Nicolaus was innocent of every thing save and except the jog-trot before-mentioned, so he now thought that he was enjoying a very pleasant lady-like canter, when, in truth, he was as immovable as his majesty of Charing-cross. After riding on for some time, at the rate of no miles an hour, he fell asleep, and a little after, as an almost necessary consequence, fell from his saddle. His fall, however, was broken by a bed of nettles, which seemed to have grown there for his especial accommodation; but he was not so grateful as he should have been, for he threw away some very choice German to anathematize them.

To be sure, he had lost his money, a circumstance which seldom tends to sweeten a man's temper, or to put him in good humour; but what then? Had he fallen direct to the ground he might have broken an arm, or leg, ay, or even his neck, whereas he was now only stung all over his face and hands, and ought to have returned thanks to the Virgin that it was no worse. Were all mankind to act upon this suggestion there would not be a single unhappy person living. The criminal sentenced to a short imprisonment would bless his stars, and feel happy that it was not a long one; the convict ordered for transportation might console himself with the idea that it was better than being hanged; and the man who should be doomed *longam literam facere*, or, in plain terms, who had received a promise of being hanged, might still be delighted in thinking how far preferable it is to burning. It is bad policy to fancy our own ills greater than those of others, for in proportion as we magnify the evils of life, we increase our imaginary sufferings in enduring them. But to return to Karl; he left his master's

horse to amuse himself as he might think fit, placed himself under a tree, and in a minute more was fast asleep. Nicolaus, who, to do him justice, was not always insensible to the force of good example, deliberately walked to a spot opposite Karl's resting-place, laid himself down, and, after a few preliminary nods, imitated his master to the life.

Karl had been but a short time asleep, when confused and crowded dreams of what had lately happened disturbed his repose. The dark stranger, whom he met at the inn, was the principal actor in the somnambulatory drama that was going on. Karl beheld and heard him with shuddering and with horror, although, when superstition was out of the case, he had little fear in his composition, as was manifested on various occasions, when his high spirit seemed to take but one leap from his heart to his fist, to knock those down from whom he considered that he had received an affront. He imbibed his first rudiments, however, of superstitious lore from his nurse, and the

old cook, at his master's, completed his education in that particular branch. The devil was generally the hero of most of her stories, and, to speak disinterestedly, she scarcely gave him his due. Nothing was done, however diabolical, that was not immediately put down to his account; and she often found afterwards that what she had attributed to him had been committed by persons who had passed in the world as pious and God-fearing characters. The ghost stories that he had heard affected Karl in no ordinary degree, and imbued him with all the visionary and romantic ideas that often lead youth into error, but, at the same time, throw a charm over that period of life—

When hearts have not a dream of sorrow,
And thought scarce ventures to the morrow,
But takes its light and tripping way
Through all the pleasures of to day.

He suddenly awoke from his slumbers, and found Nicolaus standing close beside him. The bright tints of day were departing, and twilight

collar-bone!" This charitable sentence, however, he deemed it quite as well not to give *vivâ voce*, for it struck him forcibly that it might not be considered by his fellow-traveller in the light of a joke. As the stranger entered more fully into conversation, Karl's fears, by degrees, began to abate; yet he could not help, now and then, giving a sly look, under the black horse's belly, to see whether the other foot of the unknown rider corresponded with the one which he had a view of. He, however, had no opportunity of satisfying his curiosity, for if he ever slackened his pace, that the other might go on before him, the stranger also pulled his rein and remained always close at his side. At length, they came to a narrow pass, between two hills, where their horses could not go abreast, and Karl said to himself—"Ha, ha! I have thee now, or the devil's in't!" He drew up, that the stranger might pass on first, but he was too polite to take precedence, and Karl was obliged to go on. When he had got about half-way through the narrow road, he turned to have a full view of the gentleman who had stood so much

upon forms, but how great was his surprise to find that not a trace of him was to be seen! "So, so," cried Karl, "this place did not tempt thee, thou arch-fiend! thou liked'st not to show thy cloven foot, and I give thee credit for having some shame left; though, verily, I am glad to be quit of thy visage!" When he came to the end of the pass, and was jogging on gaily, he nearly dropped from his saddle, at finding the dark rider, whom he fancied he had left behind, still by his side. "I mark thy surprise," said he to Karl, "but I saw, when thou wert riding before me, that thy horse had lost his tail, and, out of compassion for the poor beast, hatred to the flies that annoy him, and respect for his rider, I went back, and, by good fortune, found it lying in the road. I have now," added he, "great pleasure in restoring it uninjured." Saying this, he presented it, with a very creditable bow, to Karl, who gazed on the tawny relic in utter astonishment. How Nicolaus had lost his tail he could by no means conjecture. He was, indeed, so amazed that he

collar-bone?" This charitable sentence, however, he denied it quite as well not to give word once, for it struck him forcibly that it might not be considered by his fellow-traveller in the light of a joke. As the stranger entered more fully into conversation, Karl's fears, by degrees, began to abate; yet he could not help, now and then, giving a sly look, under the black horse's belly, to see whether the other foot of the unknown rider corresponded with the one which he had a view of. He, however, had no opportunity of satisfying his curiosity, for if he ever slackened his pace, that the other might go on before him, the stranger also pulled his rein and remained always close at his side. At length, they came to a narrow pass, between two hills, where their horses could not go abreast, and Karl said to himself—"Ha, ha! I have thee now, or the devil's in't!" He drew up, that the stranger might pass on first, but he was too polite to take precedence, and Karl was obliged to go on. When he had passed through the narrow pass, he had a view of the g-

forget to thank the stranger for his courtesy, at which the other appeared in no wise offended. "So, then," said Karl, at last, "I am on a tail-less horse! It is well that it will be dark by the time I come to my journey's end, or I should be followed through the streets as if I were an imp of the dev—;" he stopped short in his speech, for he perceived that he had committed himself, as his companion seemed not at all to relish the insinuation. He turned, however, with renewed good humour, to Karl, and said, "Come, come, thy case is not so hopeless. Thou shalt not be on the back of an imperfect animal. Give me the tail, and pledge me thy word that thou wilt look straight forward, and not once cast thine eyes backward to make thy remarks on my proceedings, and I promise, without loss of time, to affix the fly-flapping appendage once more to the hinder part of thy steed."

Karl, although he strongly doubted the possibility of such a manoeuvre, willingly pledged his word, and, in a moment afterwards, heard the

stranger mutter something which was unintelligible to him, but which he made no question was a spell used in the ceremony of tail-fixing. "Turn," said the stranger, who was now again beside him, "thy horse is repaired!" Karl did as he was required, and the tail was manifest; but Nicolaus betrayed as little joy at the recovery of it as he had evinced sorrow for its loss. Karl could not help suspecting that the stranger had made him promise to look straight forward, not so much out of fear that he should be a spy upon his operations, as that he dreaded an exposure of the cloven-foot; nevertheless, he thanked him for his good offices, and kept on his way. After a time, it occurred to him that a pipe would be no bad thing; but, when he had filled it, found, to his mortification, that he had lost his flint, and began railing, in good set terms, at his own carelessness and indiscretion. "Despair not, while I am near thee," said the stranger, "hold thy pipe towards me!" No sooner was this done, than he breathed upon it, and the tobacco was ignited. Karl now felt con-

vinced that he was travelling with Satan; for the herb burnt rather blue than otherwise, and there was a villanous smack of sulphur in the only whiff that he took. He had a very certain presentiment that his companion did not bring the fire, which he had just given him, from the same place where Prometheus obtained his. The pipe dropped from his lips, and he trembled from head to foot. He began to devise means of ridding himself of his black-art-practising fellow-traveller. He had observed, during their journey, that when they came near any of the crosses, which are common to this day in Catholic countries, his companion vanished, and did not rejoin him until they were out of sight of those devil's eye-sores. He accordingly resolved to make the best use of this observation, and happening to espy a small cross at a little distance, and seeing that his good friend had left him as usual, he rode up to it, dismounted, and easily drew it from the ground. "It's an ill procession, they say, when the devil carries the cross," cried Karl, "so I'll e'en be before-hand

with him." He threw it across his shoulders, vaulted into his saddle, and trotted forward, until he came to a town, which he supposed to be the place of his destination. Nicolaus made a sudden halt and neighed loudly; and lashes and caresses were alike ineffectual to induce him to proceed. A door was opened, and the old cook, who knew the voice of Nicolaus too well to be mistaken, welcomed the young apprentice home again to his master's house, at Brunswick. The truth is, that Nicolaus, liking better a dirty stable than a clean road, had taken care to turn his head homeward, when his rider awoke from his slumber under the tree, and Karl was obliged to defer his visit to Magdeburg until a better opportunity should occur. He told his master the whole story the next morning; the jeweller (unbeliever as he was) attributed every thing to his superstition and state of intoxication; the old cook, however, was fully persuaded that he had actually been in the society of the devil, and was not satisfied that he was entirely out of his, the said devil's, power, until

he had confessed to the priest of the family, and purified himself with an additional sprinkling of holy water. His master had the cross burned, and warned Karl not to mention the circumstance of his having sacrilegiously carried it off, as he might incur the displeasure of the holy church. Karl did as he was desired, and, on the following day, the removal of the cross was discovered, and considered as a miracle, by the good people of Lower Saxony, in the seventeenth century."

"Well (said Mr. Jones) 'There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in —.' " "Very likely (interrupted the chairman), but you have said that twice before this evening." Mr. Jones looked rather nettled, and was going to reply, when the captain entered, and gave us the comfortable assurance of an approaching storm, strongly advising us, at the same time, to retire to our births. His hint was soon taken, for the vessel speedily began to roll and pitch in such a manner that it became impossible either to stand or to

keep our seats. The carpenter nailed up the dead-lights, the sails were reefed, and the brig flew through the groaning waters of the Atlantic like a tempest-cloud along the sky. The hoarse call of the captain, and as hoarse "Ay! ay! sir!" of the crew, were ever and anon heard above the rushing of the waves and the fury of the winds; whilst the creaking of the masts, the whistling of the ropes, and the loud and boisterous oaths of the mate, as he called to the man at the helm, caused any thing but agreeable sensations in the minds of the passengers. I slept in a cot, which was slung across the cabin, and had sufficient employment all the night, by putting first one hand then the other to the ceiling, according as the vessel rolled, to avoid being exceedingly well bumped. The old German had a birth at the side of the cabin, where I heard him continually addressing me, and muttering "Mein Gott!—sare!—big storm!—get noting to eat! Large vind dat!—Teufel! Ver vas de steward?—I am hunger!—De sail shall carry away!" and other choice scraps of pure English,

which he was hardly aware of giving utterance to. Towards morning, the storm increased; and, between his lamentations, I fancied I heard, occasionally, parts of the Lord's Prayer, in German: On a sudden the brig pitched, as if she were diving straight down into the ocean, and one of the dead-lights was beaten in by a tremendous sea. The poor old German had it all to himself, for it came in on his side of the vessel, and almost set him afloat. "Ach Himmel! ve vas lost," he cried out, dreadfully frightened, for he thought the brig was sinking: but the steward, who entered at that moment, begged him not to alarm himself, for there was no harm done. "No harm don?" echoed the German; "Gutigen Gott, no harm don? —de ship vas sink!" "No, no, sir," said the steward, "no fear of that: it isn't a breath like this that will sink her." "Vel!" exclaimed the German, a little more assured, "but vat for you shall say, der no harm don? Spose de ship vas not sink — Teufel! still I vas vet all trough my skin, and vas hav nothing to eat—for vat you say der no harm don?" "I

ax pardon," replied the steward, " I only meant to obsarve, that this here little brig an't the one as 'ud go down, whilst she could keep a small matter of timber together. I've sailed in her myself these fourteen 'ear, and I've know'd the time when the sea has give her such a lift that, when she come down again, Tom Harris, who was up aloft, found a spanking bit of cloud hanging on the top of the mainmast. It's my notion she's storm proof, your honour!"

The German, who took in this story, cloud and all, began to shake off his fears, and a biscuit, with some beef, seemed almost to reconcile him to his " briny bed."

After having been confined to our births for about six-and-thirty hours, the storm died away, and we were enabled to rise and congratulate each other on our escape.

When we had refreshed ourselves, the young

German was asked, whether Karl's journey finished at the part where he had left off.

“ His *first* journey finishes there,” answered the German. “ Oh! then, there is a *second*,” said the president, “ by all means let us hear it.”

“ Willingly,” said the German, and he resumed his story.

CHAP. III.

KARL'S SECOND JOURNEY.

“ The streets are silent as the grave—
The unsheath'd sword—it hangs o'er thee.”

Bowring's Russian Anthology.

“MAGDEBURG had for some time been besieged by the Austrian forces, but, on the 19th May, 1631, the cheering, though as it afterwards appeared, false intelligence, arrived at Brunswick, of the enemy having raised the siege and retreated to Wittenburg.

Immediately on the receipt of these tidings, Karl, who was determined not to place himself again at the mercy of Nicolaus, got up at an early

hour and proceeded on foot. How sweet were his anticipations, and how blissful his feelings, as he gaily journeyed on. It seemed to him an age since he had seen his parents, or his sweet sister Julia, or his little, kind, mischievous brother Frederick ; and his heart beat impatiently for the expected embrace. The following day, when he arrived at Magdeburg, was his father's birth-day, and he felt proud of the present which he had in his pocket for him, and which he had set in gold with his own hands. It was a rosary of the common kind, but he had taken great pains in the workmanship, and knew how much it would be valued, not for its own sake, but for his. It was in the dusk of the evening that he approached towards Magdeburg. There was an unusual stillness, a death-like pause in the grand eloquence of nature. A scene had been acted, and had passed away, which made the winds mute, and hushed into silence the voices of the waves. What a contrast to the morning of that day, when the groans of the dying citizens, and the shrieks of the helpless maidens, who were torn from the bleeding

bodies of their relatives, resounded far and wide! The Imperial General, Tilly, had taken the place by storm, and gave his name to everlasting infamy, by the slaughter of nearly all the inhabitants and the destruction of the town. Except the cathedral, a few adjacent houses, and a number of fishers' huts, by the Elbe, every thing became the prey of the flames. Out of thirty thousand persons, scarcely four hundred escaped, and the river was strewed with the dead bodies of virgins who had sought death to avoid the brutality of the Austrian soldiery. There was now a cessation from the work of blood—a short repose from the red carnival of death. But it was the calm of the ocean when the ship has gone down, and the living beings that it once contained are cold and dead beneath. As Karl entered the town, he beheld the murdered and mutilated bodies of his countrymen lying in the houseless streets, and, at intervals, heard the distant shouts and revelry of the enemy. The thought of his family—of his father's birth-day, and his little present, came at once across his mind, and he burst into tears. His spirit sickened

as he wandered through the gloomy haunts of death, and there was a vacancy about his heart, which he had never known before. He had no father now to welcome—no mother to caress him—his sister had perished—had died by her own hand—and the house in which he was born, the home of his young years, was levelled with the dust. Amid this scene of horror, a small outhouse, belonging to his father, had partially escaped the flames, and stood like a decaying monument among the ruins of his happiness and hopes. He listened breathlessly, for he thought that something moved within it, and half-stifled sounds, as from one who feared lest they might betray him to the fury of his persecutors, were distinctively heard. He rushed in, and beheld a poor boy, who was wounded in two places, lying at the further end on some straw, which was bedewed with his blood. As Karl entered, he tried to raise himself on his knees, in a posture of supplication, but his strength was unequal to it, and he fell forward on his face. Karl lifted him up, but the child had fainted, and it was some time before he recovered himself sufficiently to

—speak. Karl had torn off his own linen, and bound up his wounds, and was wiping the blood from his face, when the boy put his arms about his neck tenderly, and said, “ You are my brother Karl, I know you now. Don’t leave me, for there is nobody but you to speak to, and, when I am alone, I do nothing but cry. Pray don’t leave me, dear Karl.” —“ Leave you! no, no, Frederick, I will never leave you; but where is my father?” “ Father! —oh! Karl, he’s dead, and mother too, and Julia; —they are all dead but you and me, Karl! and I shall die soon, and then you will be alone. I wish I could live, for you will be so unhappy when you have no one to speak to, and the time will seem so long, for to-day has been like a whole year to me. I am so glad you are come, for I’ve been dreaming you didn’t love me; but now I know you do.” As he said this, he continued to embrace his brother, and laid his head upon Karl’s breast, as if he wished to sleep. He had remained thus for some time, when Karl gently raised him, and looked on his pale but beautiful face. There was a smile of love upon it that showed affection

surviving death,—for life had passed from the hapless boy for ever. Karl, scarcely conscious of what had happened, remained intently gazing on him, until the horrible truth flashed upon his mind, and he sank upon the earth, as if his heart were crushed. From that moment he was a man. The happiness and thoughtless gaiety of youth gave way, and every pleasurable sensation died within his breast. A desire for revenge sprang up within him that seemed to embrace the world. He had a thirst for blood that nothing but blood could quench. All mankind were changed into demons—despoilers of human life, and wasteful spillers of human gore. He sat leaning on his clenched hands, whilst his eyes glared wildly upon the body of his murdered brother. By degrees, darkness came on, and, when he could no longer perceive the features of the poor boy, he started from the ground and rushed into the open air. It was a night of unusual beauty and serenity. Every breath of wind had departed with the day, and the moon and the stars looked like pale, fairy ministers of silence,

“ Linger in heaven, to rob the earth of sound ;

but with Karl the calm of the soul had passed away, and the tranquillity of nature could not restore it. It gave him no joy to gaze upon the smiling sky, he thought only of the ruin it looked down upon. Having wandered for some time, scarcely knowing whither, he came to a thick wood, and, although conscious of not having passed it during the day, and, consequently, that it was not his direct way to Brunswick, he had not the heart to look back, for fear of again encountering the horrors he had but so lately quitted. Striking, therefore, at random, into the first path that presented itself, he proceeded sorrowfully onward. By degrees, he became so wrapped up in the gloom of his own thoughts that he left the beaten track, and lost himself in the intricacies of the forest. A loud shriek, which appeared to be uttered by one near at hand, recalled him to a sense of his situation, and revived the feelings of humanity, which seemed, but just before, to have died within his bosom. He drew a pistol from his belt, and

followed the direction of the sound. Close by a small spring, that was almost covered by the leaves and herbs that grew about it, he perceived, as well as the little light that penetrated the shady spot would permit, a female figure lying on the bank, and burying her face in the verdure that sprang around her. Karl approached and raised her, but what was his horror! when he found that it was from a dead body he had drawn her. All his powers were paralysed, and she dropped senseless from his arms upon the corse. Suddenly recollecting himself, he took some water from the spring, in the palms of his hands, and sprinkled it over her colourless face. After a short time, she partially revived, but it was only to a sense of the most violent anguish. "He is dead," she said, "my dear—dear father, is dead :—they have murdered him! But a few short moments ago, and he was still living, though his wounds were deep and numberless, but now he is gone—gone for ever, and will never bless his Magdalene again!"

Karl endeavoured to draw her from the spot,

but his efforts were for a long time fruitless. She seemed to hold life only in the presence of the dead, and to have lost all feeling and human sympathy for the living. Karl saw that there was an internal struggle for mastery between delirium and reason, and, forgetting his own sorrows, threw upon her wounded spirit the balm of gentle words. A change came over her. The horrors of the day that had passed were exchanged for the music-tones of pity, and her heart felt and treasured them. Her voice became tremulous—her lips quivered—her bosom heaved—

And anguish rushed for freedom to her eyes.

Reason has no auxiliaries like tears: they dissolve the apathy of grief, and restore to circulation the blood that lies chilled and frozen in the heart. As she wept, her head rested on Karl's bosom in all the unsuspecting innocence of youth, and he felt himself bound to her by a union of sorrows. She told him how she had escaped with her father, from the general massacre at Magde-

burg, into the woods,—how they were followed by two of the enemy whose hands inflicted the wounds of which he died,—how she fled and hid herself in the thickest of the forest, until they had lost sight of her,—and how, after a short period, she had returned to look for her hapless parent, and bear him to the secluded place where they were then sitting. But when she came to speak of his death, her emotion was so great that she could not proceed, and Karl recalled his own feelings and they wept together. They were like two broken flowers clinging to each other in the wilderness of life, or like two streams that the rain and the tempest have united. “Magdalene,” said he, “when the morning dawns you must go with me to Brunswick. I have friends there who will cherish you—friends who will love you. I will be your brother—your defender, Magdalene.” She could not speak, but her hand, as it pressed his, told him her feelings and her gratitude. He removed some loose earth and buried her murdered father, and she pulled up the little forget-me-nots that grew beside the spring, and planted them

on his grave. They sat together until the sun rose, and showed to Karl the lovely features of his companion. She appeared to be about sixteen, and possessed a figure like an Ariel—a face like a Hebe, although it was pale, and her eyes were red with weeping. “Now,” said Karl, as he raised her from her seat, “lean on me, Magdalene, and walk as silently as you can, for we are not safe until we find the road to Brunswick.” They wandered on cautiously, avoiding, as much as possible, the wider paths of the wood, and subsisting on the contents of his wallet, which, luckily, had not been quite exhausted.

“During the day he supported her weaker frame, and, at night, watched beside her whilst she slept. The knowledge that she depended upon him for protection made her dear to him. Her very griefs were passports to his heart, and, amidst the desolation of his joys, love—fond, passionate, first love, stole on its angel-visit to his breast. Oh! what a comforter is new-born love, when the soul is sickening beneath the weight of ills! How like

a ray from heaven! It is the soft-breathed music of one heart re-echoed by another. The melody of thought that sings sweet hope-notes to the mind of woe. The inward whisper that is felt—not heard. Had they never met, both might have sunk under the pressure of affliction, but they made division of their sorrows, and drew consolation from their mutual sympathies and feelings. Thus it seems ordained that there should be no venom without a balm and antidote—no tempest without a calm—no misery without its attendant joy. On the following day, they gained the high road, and, on the next night, arrived in Brunswick. The good old jeweller welcomed them with tears of joy, and adopted them as his children. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, Karl was united to his Magdalene, and never did the bells ring a merrier marriage-peal, or the sun shine on a fonder or more faithful pair.”

The old German looked at his nephew with evident pride and satisfaction. “Franz,” said he,

“ you vas spoke dat mit goot Englis accent, and I vas dronk you healt!” He then jingled his glass against that of his nephew, and drank off the contents without any remarkable effort.

“ What a strong contrast,” said my Irish friend, “ do we now exhibit to what we were a few hours ago. Then in fear of immediate destruction—now in undisturbed security—then suffering from the effects of sea-sickness—now healthy and exhilarated—then languishing half-dead upon our couches—now sitting like so many bacchanals, with the wine flowing around us. It has ever,” continued he, “ been considered an interesting task to contrast the scenes and circumstances of human life, occurring at distant intervals. I would make these contrasts more immediate, and show that one day, nay, a few hours, which are often the epitomes of the longest existence, may produce events as violently opposed to each other as if they had been divided by a thousand years. The joy-expectant lover has seen his young bride fall dead at the altar,—the mother who rocked the

babe to sleep in her arms, has found it, ere an hour has elapsed, lifeless on her bosom, passing away from the earth and its unhappiness without a sigh, but leaving its frantic parent to agony and despair. The aged man, whose boys were the support and comfort of his existence, has, by some dire calamity, been suddenly deprived of them, and followed their bodies to the grave, with tottering steps and heart-broken feelings. The lips of the sensualist have turned cold upon the glowing cheek of his paramour, and found poison in the cup which seemed mantling with pleasure and with hope. We may reverse the picture, and see the husband come back to his weeping wife, who had mourned for him as dead ; the supposed criminal, on the eve of an ignominious death, proved innocent, and restored to the presence and affection of his friends and relatives ; the bankrupt in hope and fortune, by some unexpected change, exalted to joy and prosperity ; and the drowning wretch caught as he is sinking, for the last time, into the wide-mouthed waters. These reflections are conjured up by the remembrance of circum-

stances which, although they happened many years ago, can never be obliterated from my mind. I will state them. It was a cold but fine afternoon in November that I was travelling, on horse-back, in one of the most retired and romantic parts of England. As evening drew on, a sense of loneliness and danger began to creep over me—for there is a startling something in solitude which I have no doubt all have felt, but which most people are ashamed to acknowledge, even to themselves. I was on a rough and unfrequented road, at a considerable distance from any habitation of men, and I yearned to see a human being and hear the sound of a human voice. The night came on stormy and dark; the winds raised their loud voices, like the curses of the tempest over the distant waters; the clouds hung gloomily above, like shrouds over Nature's dead serenity, and the owl shrieked to the sleepless echo of the hills. I applied the spur, and galloped on until, from the increasing darkness, I could neither see the road which I had traversed nor the one on which I was proceeding. Prudence taught me to change

my pace, and I advanced cautiously, fearing, every moment, as I did not know the road, that I was on the edge of a precipice, or, that some broken stump or fallen tree lay in my way. So painful did my sensations become at last, that I made up my mind to dismount, and lie down on the road until morning. I groped about, and, at length, found a tree, to which I fastened the bridle, and seated myself at a little distance from my only companion. The few minutes that I remained there were like hours. I endeavoured to think of other scenes which might banish the idea of the one in which I was an unwilling actor; but all would not avail. The gloom of the present hung over the radiance of the past, and if a ray broke through for a moment it was as instantly obscured. I arose and loosened the bridle, for this inactive security was more annoying to me than moving onward even under a sense of danger. I proceeded, however, as slowly as before, expecting that I must, in a short time, come to some small inn, or, at least, a road-side cottage. But I saw no light, and heard not even a dog

bark in the silence of the night. On a sudden, my horse started from his course and neighed loudly. I felt him trembling under me, and suspected that I was on the brink of some pit. I alighted, and, with great difficulty, held the animal whilst I felt about the spot from which he had just recoiled. As I moved my hands along the ground, my blood grew chill with horror, and my heart sickened within me. My right hand had passed over the cold face of some dead, perhaps murdered, person. I sank back and involuntarily clung to the neck of the affrighted steed. It was an action arising from fear and from a dreadful feeling of solitariness. In the absence of human sympathies, there is a comfort in any living companionship. I found it so. The certainty that I had a breathing creature near me, although not of my species, gave me courage. I went again towards the spot where the body lay, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the least symptom of life remained. I placed my hand upon the forehead—it was cold; I drew it across the mouth—

there was not a breath; I pressed it upon the heart—it was still. Warmth, and respiration, and motion, had departed for ever, and only the mortal and drossy portion of man lay before me. There was no pulsation—no vitality. I knew not what to do. I thought if the poor wretch who was lying dead at my feet had been murdered, which appeared far from improbable, my having passed that way at night, and for no ostensible purpose as it might seem, would, perhaps, implicate me as an accessory to, or, even, a principal in, the crime; and a number of cases, in which persons had been convicted, on circumstantial evidence, crowded upon my mind, the idea of being even examined as a witness, which would perplex me. My resolution, however, was soon taken. With great difficulty I got the horse forward, and rode on at a round trot, careless of the danger to which I had before been so sensitive, and determining to give the alarm at the first place to which I might come. I had gone on for about a quarter of an hour, when, to my great joy and

relief, I beheld a light straight onwards, which seemed to be moving towards me. As it approached, I perceived that it proceeded from a lantern, which was held by a young man in a small cart, while another, a little older, guided the horse. On seeing me, they instantly drew up, and asked, in an earnest and anxious tone of voice, whether I had seen any body in the way, telling me, at the same time, that their father had gone with a neighbour to C—— that morning to collect some money, and had not returned. The question made me shudder, for I immediately thought of what had so recently occurred, and I could not help imagining that it was the dead body of their father which I had left on the road behind me. My voice trembled as I told them of all that had happened, and I saw the faces of the poor lads turn pale as I recounted it. ‘ Our dear father is dead ! ’ cried the youngest, and burst into tears. ‘ Nay, nay ! ’ said his brother, ‘ it’s ill weeping till there’s need o’t. He was to ha’ come back wi’ Johnny Castleton, and Johnny is

no' the man to leave him on the road-side, alive or dead.'

“ This seemed to comfort his brother, but it did not convince me. I had a presentiment hanging, like a cloud, about my heart, and I felt assured that a bitter trial awaited them. I rode beside the cart until we came to the fatal spot; the horse started as before, and I called to them to stop, for I was a little a-head. The youngest sprang out, held the lantern to the face of the corse, and fell back with a loud shriek. I shall never forget the chill that ran through me, when I heard the calm silence of the night broken by the cry of a son who mourned his father—the voice of the living calling to the dead. The winds had died away, and there was a dreary stillness over the whole scene. The pulse of nature had stopped; and it seemed as if her mighty heart had perished. The elder son did not shed a tear, but it was evident that he felt acutely what had befallen him. His was the deeper grief that tears could not obliterate :—

A grief that could not fade away,
Like tempest-clouds of April day ;
A grief that hung like blight on flowers,
Which passeth not with summer showers.

As they both stood inactive, I took up the corpse myself, and placed it in the cart. There were, as far as I could judge, not the least signs of violence about it, and death seemed to have reached it in the midst of calmness and serenity, for a smile lingered even then in the pallid face, and the brow was unruffled and unknit. After a little while, they got in the cart, and we went forward in silence. When we came near their dwelling, which was a small farm house, a short distance from the high road, I left them to break the melancholy tidings to their widowed mother, and, resisting their invitation to remain there, I rode, onwards to N—— ferry, which they told me was about a mile further, and where there was a tolerable inn. They lent me their lantern, which I was to leave for them at the ferry-house, and I cantered along an almost straight road, until I came in sight of

the inn. As I approached nearer, I heard sounds of mirth and revelry, and, in the disturbed state of my feelings, they came upon my ear like sportive music at a funeral, or a joyous song echoing from a house of mourning. Having seen my horse well provided for, I entered the public room, where there were several farmers drinking, smoking, and singing; their united powers appeared to have clouded the ideas and thickened the speech of them all, but of one in particular, who had just been bawling out part of a song, in praise of his greatest enemy—the bottle; but the combined fumes of the leaf and the liquor were upon his memory, and he stopped just as I entered the room. ‘Never break off in the midst of a good song, neighbour,’ cried a portly, florid-looking man, who seemed to act as president among them, ‘never leave a jug or a song, until there’s not a drop left in the one, nor a note in the other. Sing on, man! sing on!’ ‘Ay, it is an easy thing to say, Barney Thompson,’ muttered the unsuccessful vocalist, but the rest is clean out of my head.’

‘Ye ha’ sung weel so far, and we’ll ha’ the end o’t,’ exclaimed another; ‘I’ll help ye on wi’t:—

A pipe of tobacco and ale of the best
Are better, far better, than pillow and rest,
Than pillow and rest, than pillow and rest :
A pipe of—’

‘Dang it,’ cried a little grazier-looking fellow, who was nursing his knees at the fire, ‘it’s twelve-pence wi’ one and a shilling wi’ the other. Ye know the song, Barney, just as well as your neighbour, and no better. I have still a clear noddle, and I’ll sing it to ye:—

A pipe of tobacco and ale of the best
Are better, far better, than pillow and rest.
We’ll smoke and we’ll drink, if it be but to spite
The devil, who comes in the shape of the night;
In ale, good ale, the fiend we’ll drown,
And empty our pipes on his raven crown.

Give me the mug, Tommy Barker, for I think its ill singing wi’ a dry throat. Gentlemen all, here’s a merry season to you, and good cattle to me. And now for the next verse:—

A pipe of tobacco and ale of—

No! no! that I gave before—let's see—ay! ay!
that's it,—

We'll smoke and we'll drink—

It wo'n't do; though I am sure I knew the whole
song a while ago. It wo'n't do!

“He said truly. He had not only forgotten the words, but was, at each new attempt, giving us a variation on the old air to which they were adapted. There was evidently some confusion in the machinery of his brain, and his memory was out of order. He then tried another song, but with as little success; and, at last, the whole party began to sing what is called a ‘Dutch medley,’ and I thought it time to escape from their company as fast as possible. I threw myself upon my bed, but could not sleep. The scenes which I had lately witnessed, differing so widely from each other, yet happening in such close succession, still

haunted me. The striking contrast of lonely agony and boisterous mirth; of dark secluded roads and the light and cheerful parlour, with its blazing fire and laughing inmates, kept me awake for some time; and when I, at length, fell into an uneasy slumber, dreams of terror and anxiety oppressed me. The song of the topers, for a moment, dwelt in my imagination, but their voices seemed to be dying away, and the cry of the youth who had lost his father burst upon my ear. I awoke in horror, and heard persons running to and fro, beneath my chamber, and loud, but agitated whispers, and then groans and frequent sobbings. I sprang from my bed, hastily dressed myself, and, on reaching the ground floor, found a scene offering as strong a contrast to the second I have described as the second offered to the first. Of all those who, but a few hours before, had 'made the can their confidant,' and laughed, and sung, and talked, without a thought of sorrow; of all those who had spoken of finding eternity of life in the bowl and the ale-cup, and oblivion of care in the

fragrance of the tobacco-leaf; of all those, one alone had escaped to tell the fate of his companions, who, by their own carelessness and imprudence, had perished whilst crossing the river, miserably perished, in drunkenness and despair."

CHAP. IV.

E. Kno. Sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an' he please: he has his humour, sir.

Wel. O, what is't, what is't?

E. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your judgement nor his folly that wrong as to prepare your apprehension: I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search; if you can take him so.

Ben Jonson.

ON the following evening the President called upon Mr. Harvey—or Ned Harvey, as he rather chose to be designated—one of the passengers whom I have not introduced to the reader, as I thought it better that he should introduce himself. I therefore give, without farther preface, his

CONFESSIONS OF A LOVER.

“Fair ladies, do not let this heading startle you.

I do not mean to kiss and tell. I have ‘no such stuff in my thoughts;’ of which you may be fully convinced if you will condescend (as the tradesmen say) to favour me with your orders—

I have a tongue that scorns to speak
Of her poor master's bliss,
And clings in silence to his cheek—
Mute witness of a kiss.

“My object is of a nobler nature. I wish, in these my confessions, to stand up as a beacon-lover, to warn those who are entering upon the sea of life that there are rocks a-head—rocks on which my little bark of love has split, and against which they must be upon their guard. I have, at least, experience to guide me; and experience in amatory matters goes a great way. My birth, parentage, and education can be of no consequence to any one, and, therefore, I may as well state them. Be it known, then, that I was born in the year 1791; that my father was a celebrated man, who bore away the palm from all competitors in the making of that necessary article called breeches, and that

my mother was equally celebrated for wearing them—but only to patronize her husband's trade, I'll be bound for it, for a milder woman, excepting always when she had taken a little too much, never breathed. Of my education, perhaps, it would not become me to speak, considering the wonderful progress I made; but still I must say that the parish certainly did their best for me, and I must as candidly acknowledge that they never had a cleverer boy in their school. Reading, I allow, was not my forte, but I was absolute at *ring-taw*. Writing was well enough whilst left to my pot-hooks, but the hangers (hang 'em!) disturbed me: yet this was no wonder—I was an honest, straight-forward lad, and did not like swerving from a direct line. In arithmetic I made great advances: the worst of it was, we had a very ignorant teacher, who asked me how many eight times twelve made, and I, of course, answered, two hundred and four, which I know was right; he, however, was obstinate, and, I have reason to think, jealous, as I became first boy at the lower end of the class; but, with all

his spite, he could not get any one to match me at dumps. Of this enough.

“ My father and mother, some how or other, did not attend to business, and wished to travel. The English government, hearing this, would by no means allow them to travel at their own expense, and voluntarily came forward, on account of my father's celebrity, to defray their passage to ——— I forget the name of the place, but it was some Bay at the other side of the water, and I was left in the care of my aunt Sarah, a very virtuous but extremely passionate woman. I was then fifteen, and from that time may my love-adventures be dated. My aunt always expressed her dislike to see lazy he-creatures about a house, and so she had only a girl to look after her domestic affairs. Now Susan, who was about a year older than myself, had a very proper and laudable curiosity about things in general, which my aunt, however, by no means approved of; but, as it appeared to me praiseworthy, I encouraged it. The fact is, we were admirably matched, for she would even leave

her work to listen to a secret ; and I, at that time, for the soul of me, could not keep one. This was attributable entirely to my youthful purity of principle, because I always argued with myself thus:—‘ If you have a good secret, Ned, tell it ; for it would be selfish indeed to confine good to your own bosom : if you have a bad one, tell it, for the sooner you get rid of evil the better.’ As aunt Sarah thought it did not become me to be familiar with her domestic, Susan and I were obliged to have recourse to stratagem ; and, when I had any little thing to disclose, I used to wait until I conjectured my aunt was asleep, and then creep up stairs to Susan’s room. This occurred very frequently, till, one night, as the devil would have it, my aunt, by some accident, heard me, and came into the chamber. In vain Susan protested she never knew I was in the room ; in vain I pretended to be walking in my sleep, aunt Sarah was inexorable. She gave my head an admonitory tap with the poker, and turned poor Susan into the street. This holds out an admirable moral lesson to young ladies and gentlemen, as it teaches them by all means to avoid telling or

hearing secrets until they are quite sure that their aunts or guardians are safely snoring. I was very sorry for Susan—and so I was for my head, but, as my aunt behaved pretty well to me afterwards, I thought it only grateful to remain with her until some opportunity of bettering my condition should occur. When I had nothing to do at home, it was my custom to stroll about the more crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, for the purpose of warning gentlemen of the danger they incurred by letting the ends of their silk handkerchiefs dangle from their coat-pockets; but, seeing that this did not reform them, and that they continued as careless as before, I resolved to strike at the root of the evil, by abstracting these tempting baits whenever I saw them thus exposed. Example, thought I, is better than precept; and these demoralizers shall find that, to indulge in the miserable vanity of exhibiting a silk handkerchief, they shall not be suffered to tempt the poor and hungry to commit sin, and teach the young idea how to steal. I looked upon this occupation as a public duty, and, like a true patriot, sought no other reward than

the applause of my own conscience. My scheme for the prevention of crime succeeded admirably in those places which I most frequented, where not a handkerchief was to be seen after a little time, every man appearing to have an eye to his neighbour's hand and his own pocket.

“ Carelessness of any sort I detested, and always felt determined to punish it. One day, as I was sauntering along Piccadilly, a gentleman, on a handsome bay mare, seeing, I suppose, that I was an honest-looking gentlemanly young man, requested me, very politely, to walk her up and down, whilst he went into a shop to make a purchase. I was always too good-natured to refuse granting a favour, even when I expected to be paid for it, so instantly took the bridle, and led the mare to the corner of Sackville-street, where a thought suddenly struck me. ‘ This gentleman,’ said I to myself, ‘ will lose his mare, if he don’t mind what he is about ; for it isn’t every one who would be content to walk her up and down without getting on her back, and, when once

there, it must be impossible to answer for the consequences.' In short, I made up my mind that he was sure to lose the mare some day or other, if not something of more value, through his confidence in strangers, and that it would be doing him a real service were I to mount her myself and ride off; for I felt assured that a man who would leave his mare with a person he knew nothing of, would be very likely to trust his whole fortune to an acquaintance; and I was determined, by making him experience a trifling loss, to put him on his guard, and save him from the pang of having, by his own imprudence, reduced his wife and family (if he happened to possess them) to beggary and despair. I never did any thing yet without having a good object in view, and it is this consoling reflection that has cheered me, when others, who could not enter into my feelings, considered that I was committing a bad action. Such are the judgements of your mindless men; but, thank my stars! I value them not a rush. As soon as the certainty that I might benefit a fellow-creature flashed across me, I sprang into the sad-

dle, and walked the mare, carelessly, as far as Brewer-street, where I turned short round, and trotted her in good style. I rode directly to the house of a friend, who always had so much confidence in my honour that he never refused taking any thing I brought him, and exchanged the mare for £27, which made my conscience perfectly easy, as I had heard, from a child, that exchange is no robbery. Having bought a new suit of clothes, I remained at home for a fortnight after this, not wishing to appear vain by sporting them whilst the gloss was on ; and, at last, when I did go out, I found that my predilection for Piccadilly had quite worn off, and that the Strand, which I used to think very little of, had supplanted it in my affections. I left my aunt's without saying a word, as I wished to save her the pain of bidding adieu, and took ready-furnished lodgings in Cecil-street, where I passed myself off as a young military officer of fortune. This I considered a piece of justice that every man should pay to his own feelings, for is it not proverbial that self-degradation is despicable? and must it not then be evident

that self-exaltation is praiseworthy? Assuredly. During the last fortnight I passed at my aunt's, I cherished a pair of mustachios, which, with a military frock-coat and gilt spurs, settled the business at once ; and I honestly confess that these auxiliaries of an officer never, perhaps, had an opportunity of appearing to such advantage before ; for although, as you perceive, I am rather short, Nature certainly has striven her utmost " to give the world assurance of a man," by making me nearly as broad as I am long. My face, too, is naturally so engaging and well-formed, that even the ravages of the small-pox, which have left the deepest proofs of their attack, could not efface its beauty. But I will say no more on this head, lest it should be mistaken for vanity. I had only been in my lodgings two days, when I perceived a lady of very captivating appearance at an opposite window, reading, and I felt an irresistible desire to become better acquainted with her. After a time, she raised her eyes, perceived me, and, suffused with blushes, retired to the further end of the apartment. That day I saw no more of her ;

but the next morning I caught a glimpse of her in dishabille, and was more enraptured than ever. Two carriages stopped before the door during the morning. "She is rich," I exclaimed; and my love knew no bounds. By degrees, I found she looked graciously upon me, and at last smiled—actually smiled. "Ho! ho!" thought I, "the game is my own, if played properly;" and then ventured a nod. It was returned—as I'm a christian man it was. And now I set about bribing a servant, who undertook to be the bearer of some verses which I had copied from an old magazine, but which I passed off as my own, at the same time making suitable apologies for their being so indifferent. The following day she gave me one of her best smiles, and, thus encouraged, I ventured to solicit an interview, which after many excuses she granted. I found her very condescending, although she spoke of the Duke this, my Lord that, and Counts and Countesses with whom she was intimately acquainted; but had not been with her more than half an hour, when Captain R—— was announced. I had no time to with-

draw, and so screwed up my courage, and was introduced to him as Lieutenant Thornton. He looked at me intently, which I have no doubt proceeded from admiration; and, bowing respectfully, sat down and conversed apart, in a whisper, with the lady, who, however, could not conceal the interest she took in me, for she turned every now and then to steal a side-glance, which, I need not say, was returned most tenderly. I conjectured he was telling her some ludicrous story, for they both laughed very much, and looked at me more than ever, so I laughed too, but at what, I knew no more than the dead. The conversation, at length, became general, and I was exceedingly witty, for they laughed immoderately at every thing I said.

On a sudden, the captain exclaimed, "Oh! Maria, knowing you are fond of poetry, I copied a few verses from a book that I met with to-day, which I think will please you;" then taking out his pocket-book, he handed her a paper, which she began to read. "Ah!" thought I, "if those verses are

better than mine, I'll eat them." When she had perused the lines, I asked, in the politest terms, whether I might be allowed to see them; determined, in my own mind, not to spare them. Graciously smiling, she gave the paper into my hands, and I was preparing a critical face for the occasion, when my eye rested upon,

"If art could ever lend a charm
To her whom Nature made so fair,—"

and I immediately recognised my own adopted, but ungrateful magazine-verses. I never was much accustomed to blushing, so I returned the accursed Bath-post sheet, and changed the conversation, but I was not near so droll as I had been before. Just, however, as I was recovering my spirits, the captain asked me, in a careless manner, to what regiment I belonged? On which, to make all certain, I chose one that I knew was stationed as far off as possible, and added, that I came on furlough from Calcutta. "Well! this is strange, indeed," said he, "for I have very lately arrived from the same place; and,

what is still more singular, I hold my commission in the identical regiment you have just mentioned." This intelligence would have overwhelmed a man of weak mind ; but that was not my case. Some would have sunk down with confusion, or blushed and stammered most awkwardly ; but what did I do ? why I took my hat, drew out my handkerchief carelessly, bade the lady and the captain a good evening, and was on the point of retiring, when the latter started up, gained the door before me, locked it, and put the key into his pocket. This, I thought, was carrying matters a little too far, and tried vehemently to get into a passion ; but the gentleness of my nature opposed me, and I could not succeed. " Rascal !" said he, at the same time seizing me by the collar, " you may assume the dress of an officer, and steal verses from a magazine, but I am determined you shall not steal my handkerchief with impunity." At these words my courage nearly gave way, for that very morning, seeing the handkerchief hang from a pocket, near Holborn-bars, I could not resist giving the owner one of my peculiar lessons,

to make him more careful for the future ; and the worst of it was, my love-affair so completely held possession of my mind, that I had forgotten to pick out the initials at the corner. I besought the captain—I implored the lady—but in vain ! although, I am confident, she would have got me off if she could ; and I was hurried away to a place in which I had never been before, and to which, I sincerely hope, I may never go again.

“ The sequel of this love-adventure was, that though I explained, in the clearest manner, the laudable motive which induced me to make myself master of the article in question, the magistrate, who was a very ignorant man, took quite another, and, I will say, a ridiculous view of the case ; but requested I might be taken care of, and obliged with a private lodging for two years, which was immediately granted, and I was accompanied by two gentlemen (friends, I suppose, of the magistrate) to a magnificent house, where, however, the rooms were small, and the furniture was nothing to boast of.

“ Here was I left at my ease, and, although frequently pressed by persons to take a walk out with them, I constantly refused, for I had become quite domesticated—a sort of single family-man. At the end of two years, being particularly invited to take a stroll, I could resist no longer; and the gentleman who asked me seemed highly gratified, although he did not bear me company. He was fearful, no doubt, so much application (for I read a great deal at that time) would injure my health. Ah! well! let people say what they will of the world, there are always some kind and considerate persons to be found in it. Here was a man now, who knew little or nothing of me, and yet felt as great an interest in my welfare as if I had been his own son. My clothes began to look rather the worse for wear,—my military coat having lost an arm, and the greater part of a skirt; but my breeches held together pretty well, with the exception of a small rent in the left leg, and a larger one in the seat; these, however, were trifles. Having no money, and not having seen my aunt Sarah for a long time, I thought it would be only

showing her proper respect if I paid her the first visit. To her, therefore, I went, and she gave me a few shillings, with which I bought a fustian jacket. This was not exactly a proper habiliment for one of my merit and genius, but I considered that a gentleman looks well in any thing, and put it on, I lived once more at my aunt's house, and, no doubt, should have made my fortune, had not another cursed love-affair stepped in and prevented it. I happened, by mere chance, to scrape acquaintance with a very pretty servant wench, who lived with a respectable family in Montague-square; and many an agreeable hour I passed with her, in the apartment that adjoins the area; when, one night, (oh! never shall I forget it!) my dear Sally's master overheard us, and came down gently. "Who is this," he cried, as he entered the room, "making such a noise here?" Sally did not know what to say for a moment, but, on the question being repeated, she drew up the corner of her apron to a level with her shoulder, and stammered out, "Please, sir, 'tis my cousin, sir, —from the country." Her master made no more

ado than to take a candle from the table and hold it before my face, which he no sooner beheld, than he retorted, "Then your cousin from the country is the rascal who stole my mare!" To deny it, I felt persuaded, would be of no avail, as innocence always stands but a bad chance against prejudice and obstinacy; so I went with a gentleman whom he sent for, that every thing might be settled to the satisfaction of both parties.

"It was about this time that a sense of filial love, which, I shame to say, had not been encouraged for many years, rose strong within me, and I petitioned the government to let me once more behold the respected authors of my existence. My wish was instantly complied with, and what enhanced the value of this acquiescence was, that, perceiving my dress was not in the best condition, they kindly furnished me with a new suit, and shaved my head, to prevent my becoming sea-sick on the passage. The kindness I then experienced has made me a government-man to this day. Not to trespass too long on my hearers'

patience, I shall pass over the meeting with my beloved parents, which was extremely affecting, and merely state that, when I had been abroad about seven years, a patriotic feeling suddenly possessed me, and I longed to revisit the shores of my native country. I urged my father and mother, with as much eloquence as I was master of, to accompany me; but my father said they had a public duty to fulfil, and, under all circumstances, he would abide by it. It was, he added, the desire of the ministers at home that he should remain for life where he was, and he conceived that he should be unworthy the name of Briton were he to act contrary to their wishes.

“ With the greatest veneration for my father’s patriotism, and satisfied that it was for the good of his country, I left the other side of the Atlantic, and began the world afresh, resolving, at the same time, to steer clear of love, which had been the only thing that prevented me from making my fortune.”

"The ladies scarcely knew what to make of this strange story—the old German tucked in his watch-chain—and Mr. Jones turned up his eyes, observing, "Can such things be, and overcome us, like a summer cloud, without our special wonder?"

A loud laugh and an explanation from the captain put an end to the delusion respecting this self-convicted felon. "Well! Mr. Harvey, that is the best hoax I have heard of for many a day. With your parish-schooling and your transportation! Were you not educated at Oxford? And did you ever see the blue waves of the Atlantic before? Ha! ha! ha! You lads from the colleges cannot speak as others speak: you must take honest people in, or have no pleasure for your say."

Harvey laughed, but made no reply.

The youngest of the ladies, Emma Barenton, was requested to favour the company with any

little story that she might remember. After a few extremely becoming blushes, two hems, and one ha, she told us a legend of her native county, (Lincolnshire,) which ran as follows in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

AUKBOROUGH-HILL.

——— “ Rosalind,—for, when the living stem
Is cankered in its heart, the tree must fall,—
Died ere her time.”—*Shelley*.

“ COLONEL M——, an English gentleman, who had resided for some time at Cadiz, came with his family to his native country in the summer of 17—, and bought a house and estate near Aukborough-hill. During his stay on the continent, he had formed a very sincere friendship for a Spanish gentleman, of great credit and respectability, whose daughter was one of the loveliest of ‘ Spain’s dark-glancing’ maidens.

“ Clara —— was a well-educated and intelligent girl, but romantic to an extreme. In her ideas of honour—of friendship—of love, she was an enthusiast, but in her observance of them she was faithful and sincere. She was one of those sensitive creatures that seem born like sweet but transient flowers which shed their fragrance and perish in their youth. To a heart like Clara's, love could not long be a stranger, nor could it be a passive inmate in her breast. Her whole soul was fixed on one object. Her wishes, thoughts, and actions seemed to have but one origin: but her lover died, and her happiness died with him. By degrees she grew more calm, but a settled melancholy hung upon her heart, and her spirit was utterly broken.

“ Colonel M——, when on the point of leaving Spain, suggested to her father that change of scene might in some degree divert her thoughts from the dangerous channel which they had taken, and proposed that she should accompany his own

family, to all of whom she was very much attached. The offer was accepted, and she came to England. The noise and gaiety of London, however, ill accorded with her wounded feelings, and she felt gratified at accompanying her friends into Lincolnshire. As the autumn advanced, she used to wander out alone, and day after day she would sit on Aukborough-hill to watch the sun-rays fading over the sleeping waters, while she thought of her own bright land, with its mountains and its streams sparkling and smiling in the golden light of sunset, and of one who was cold in his grave ; and then she would weep and return in sorrow to her home. Her beautiful form gradually wasted away beneath the strong influence of these feelings, and she became more and more wedded to solitude.

“ One evening, as she was walking towards her favourite spot, an old gipsy, who was standing at the foot of the hill, accosted her. The sybil had, no doubt, gained from one or other of Colonel M——’s domestics some insight into the poor

girl's history, and, as Clara approached, she muttered, in a low and solemn tone, the following lines :—

“ The maid who repairs to Aukborough-hill,
When the stars are out and the winds are still,
Shall see a form, and shall hear a voice,
That will make her sorrowing heart rejoice ;
And, if her love died in a distant land,
Let her make three circles with her hand
On the green grass turf, and look on the streams
That dance in the light of the pale moon-beams ;
Let her fix her gaze, and hold her breath,
And her lover will come from the realms of death,
And sit with her when the winds are still,
And the stars are out upon Aukborough-hill.”

“ As she concluded, she drew towards Clara and said, ‘ Let me tell your fortune, lady ;’ then, looking attentively at her hand, she continued, ‘ there are lines of sorrow here—of sorrow that might well bow down a poor maiden’s heart—here are traces of withered hopes—of faded joys—of ruined love ; but, stay, here is a token that tells of happiness to come. Yes,’ she added, seeing that Clara looked incredulous, ‘ here is a line of hope—a single sun-ray among the clouds that have

overshadowed your youthful life.' Clara, struck with the woman's manner, gave her some money, and was passing onward, when the sybil caught her arm, and, looking round, cautiously whispered in her ear,—

“ The maid who repairs to Aukborough-hill,
When the stars are out and the winds are still,
Shall see a form and shall hear a voice
That will make her sorrowing heart rejoice.”

She then went on her way, and the maiden ascended the hill. A superstitious feeling crept over her as she reflected on the words of the gipsy, which increased as the evening advanced. Her thoughts were entirely engrossed by them. The lowing of cattle, as they were driven home to their stalls; the tinkling bell, that called the scattered sheep to the patriarch of the flock; the chime of the village-clock; and the farewell song of birds, struck not upon her ear. The distant trees, that reflected their autumnal tints in the bright waves; the quiet heavens, with their progeny of clouds; the valleys, and hills, and streams, were

not seen by her : she seemed like a statue placed among animated beings ; and was, for a time, dead to the living charms of Nature. Whilst ruminating on the lines that she had heard, the sun went down and the stars began to speckle the blue sky. For the first time, she raised her eyes, and bethought her of the sybil's spell. The winds had sung themselves into tranquil slumbers, and the moon looked calmly on the sparkling waters beneath. Clara remembered the charm, and made three circles on the turf—held her breath—and fixed her gaze upon the rivers.

“ The night was far advanced, and Colonel M—— became alarmed that Clara had not returned home, but, knowing her favourite haunt, he repaired thither, and stole softly behind her, without being observed. She was sitting on the grass and speaking, in a whisper, to some one beside her, as the Colonel at first thought, but he was soon satisfied that she was alone. As he stood there, he heard her say, ‘ You did not die then ? Oh, Leon ! how could you jest so with me ? You

have nearly broken my heart; and, had you not come now, I should have been, to-morrow, cold and dead as my hopes! but you are come to me, and I will not think of sadness. To be sure, I do forgive you! oh, yes! Nay, nay, you must not kiss me!—we are not married yet:—but we soon shall be:—shall we not, my Leon? And we will go to our own country, where the olives grow and the happy birds sing all day long in the citron-groves. Oh, Leon! my heart is so full, and my head burns so!—I am too happy!—Why is my father not here to meet you?—I want to see my poor father, for I did not kiss him last night, and he will think that I have forgotten him. My eyes feel so heavy!—No! no! not on your breast: the grass-green-turf shall be my pillow!—and yet, again, I think I shall lie softer in your arms, my Leon, than on the cold ground.'

“ She sank, with a sigh, upon the earth, and Colonel M—— hastily advanced to the spot where she lay. He spoke to her, but she gave no answer. He took her hand, but it returned not

his pressure. The moon-beams fell on her pale but beautiful face, where a smile of tenderness still lingered, and the stars looked brightly down upon her—but she felt not their power, and she saw not their light, for her heart was still, and her eyes were closed for ever !”

“ I can call to mind,” said the Chairman, as the young lady concluded, “ the spot to which you have alluded, as well as if it were now before me. The Ouse, the Humber, and the Trent meet there, and then glide off in different directions, like maidens in a dance. I have seen them, when there was not a breath of air to ripple them, lying with their bosoms basking in the sun-rays, and a glow as of Eastern climes seemed to spread itself over their romantic waves.

“ I was somewhat of a visionary at the time, and remember likening them to two youths leaving their sire’s embrace, but returning, after a season, to his aged arms again.”

“ Lincolnshire is a noble place—rather flat in parts, to be sure, and having an almost interminable Roman road—but still it is a noble place. I have oftentimes sat with my friend H—— by a London hearth, and recalled the pleasures of the happy hours we passed there, and spoken of the fine fellows with whom we used to course and shoot, and even of the four dogs who used to accompany us as we strayed from field to field. There were Old Rock and Young Rock, (kind, rough-coated creatures, who despised not the cockney-sportsmen,) Spot, and Trim. The rabbit was fain to avoid them, and the hedgehog was not safe when they were rambling; nor was the little steed, that bore me so fleetly and safely by day and night, forgotten. All is now like a vision of past joys, and I turn for consolation, in my moments of unhappiness, to the recollection of the kind hearts and hospitable cheer that I found in Lincolnshire.”

The young lady seemed to enjoy this eulogy of her native county, and the Chairman, after return-

ing thanks for the legend she had just recited, petitioned her sister Julia, who, however, evaded the task of telling a story, by offering to attempt a ballad, which substitute the company, of course, accepted.

THE MINSTREL-KNIGHT.

A minstrel play'd in his lady's bow'r
With a light and a joyous hand,
Till the clouds of war began to lour,
And the foemen were on his land.
He cast to the earth his harp of gold,
And clad him in armour bright;
Then rode to the field like a warrior bold,
Where they named him the Minstrel-Knight.

He struck to the ground the chieftain-foe,
And a banner he bore away,
And many a heart lay cold and low
Which had cherish'd bright hopes that day!
A victor's wreath on his brow he wore
When he quitted the field of fight,
Which he laid at the feet of Leonore
As she welcomed her Minstrel-Knight.

He took the harp that he lov'd so well,
But the strings had lost their tone,
For of warlike deeds they would never tell—
They were form'd for love alone.
But soon the thought of the battle-plain
Was lost in his lady's sight,
And the joyous song returned again
That had stray'd from the Minstrel-Knight.

She treasur'd it as a wandering bird
That had come to its home once more,
For absence had made the song she heard
More sweet than it seem'd before.
She gazed awhile on his youthful face,
With a smile of radiant light,
And she gave her hand, with a maiden grace,
To her own lov'd Minstrel-Knight.

Miss Julia Barenton, besides a very fascinating smile, and beautiful dark blue eyes, had a full, clear, thrush-like voice, and accompanied it admirably on the guitar; it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that she received great applause from her auditors in general, and from Mr. Jones in particular, who said several complimentary things,

(all quite new,) which I have forgotten: I know, however, that there was something about a “dying fall,” and a “bed of violets,” and, also, have an imperfect remembrance of “sweet south,” or some such words; but, wishing to be a true chronicler, I will not vouch for it positively.

It now became Myn Heer's turn, and he was not slow in commencing the Dutch legend of

JAN SCHALKEN'S THREE WISHES.

“At a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders there is still shown the site of a hut, which was an object of much attention whilst it stood, on account of a singular legend that relates to its first inhabitant, a kind-hearted fellow, who depended on his boat for subsistence, and on his own happy disposition for cheerfulness under every hardship and privation. Thus the story goes:—One dark and stormy night in winter, as Jan Schalken was sitting, with his good-natured, buxom wife, by the fire, he was aroused from a transient doze by a knocking at the

door of his hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a tall man, but little could be distinguished either of his face or figure, as he wore a large dark cloak, which he had contrived to pull over his head, after the fashion of a cowl. 'I am a poor traveller,' said the stranger, 'and want a night's lodging: will you grant it to me?' 'Ay, to be sure,' replied Schalken; 'though I am afraid your cheer will be but sorry: had you come sooner, you might have fared better. Sit down, however, and eat of what is left.' The traveller took him at his word, and, in a short time afterwards, retired to his humble sleeping-place. In the morning, as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalken, and, giving him his hand, thus addressed him:—'It is needless for you, my good friend, to know who I am; but of this be assured, that I can and will be grateful; for, when the rich and the powerful turned me, last night, from their inhospitable gates, you welcomed me as man *should* welcome man, and looked with an eye of pity on the desolate traveller in the storm: I grant you three wishes. Be they what

they may, those wishes shall be gratified.' Now Schalken certainly did not put much faith in these promises, but still he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them, and, accordingly, began to consider how he should put them to the test. Jan was a man who had few or no ambitious views, and was contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact, he was so well satisfied with his situation that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his laborious existence; but, on the contrary, had a very sincere wish of adding a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first. 'Let my wife and myself live fifty years longer than Nature has designed.' 'It shall be done,' cried the stranger. Whilst Schalken was puzzling his brain for a second wish, he bethought him that a pear-tree, which was in his little garden, had been frequently despoiled of its fruit, to the no small detriment of the said tree, and grievous disappointment of its owner. 'For my second wish, grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree shall not have power to leave it until my permission be

given.' This, also, was assented to. Schalken was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bustling body, and often jumped up in the midst of a conversation that she had heard only ten or twelve times, to scrub the table or set their clay-platters in order. Nothing disturbed him so much as this, and he was determined, if possible, to prevent a repetition of the nuisance. With this object in view, he approached close to the stranger, and, in a low whisper, told him his third and last wish,—that whoever sat in a particular chair in his hut should not be able to move out of it until it should please him so to order. This wish, also, was agreed to by the traveller; who, after many greetings, departed on his way. Years passed on, and Jan had often fully gratified his last two wishes, by detaining thieves in his tree and his wife on her chair, till the time approached when the promise of longevity would be falsified or its value made manifest. It happened that the birthdays of the fisherman and his wife were the same. They were sitting together on the evening of the day, that

made him seventy-nine and Mietje seventy-three years of age, when the moon, that was shining through the window of the hut, seemed suddenly to be eclipsed, and the stars, rushing down the dark clouds, lay glaring on the surface of the ocean, over which was spread an unnatural calmness, although the skies appeared to be mastered by the winds, and were heaving onward, with their mighty waves of vapour; birds dropped dead from the boughs, and the foliage of the trees turned to a pale red. All seemed to prognosticate the approach of Death; and, in a few minutes afterwards, sure enough, he came. He, however, differed greatly in person from all that the worthy couple had heard or fancied of him. He was, certainly, rather thin, and had very little colour, but he was well dressed, and his deportment was that of a gentleman. Bowing politely to the ancient pair, he told them he merely came to give notice that, by right, they should have belonged to him on that day, but a fifty years' respite was granted, and, when that period had expired, he should visit them again. He then

walked away ; and the moon, and the stars, and the waters, resumed their natural appearance. For the next fifty years every thing passed on as quietly as before ; but, as the time drew nigh for the appointed return of Death, Jan became thoughtful, and felt no pleasure at the idea of the anticipated visit. The day arrived, and Death kept his appointment, preceded by the same horrors as on the former occasion. ‘ Well, good folks,’ said he, ‘ you now can have no objection to accompany me ; for, assuredly, you have been highly privileged, and have lived long enough.’ The old dame wept, and clung feebly to her husband, as if she feared they were to be divided after passing away from the earth, on which they had dwelt so long and so happily together. Poor Schalken, also, looked very downcast, and moved after Death but slowly. As they passed by Jan’s garden, he turned to take a last look at it, when a sudden thought struck him. He called to Death, and said, ‘ Sir, allow me to propose something to you. Our journey is a long one, and we have no provisions ; I am too infirm, or I would climb yonder pear-tree, and

take a stock of its best fruit with us ; you are active and obliging, and will, I am sure, 'sir, procure it for us.' Death, with great condescension, complied, and, ascending the tree, gathered a great number of pears, which he threw down to old Schalken and his wife. At length, he determined upon descending, but, to his surprise, and apparent consternation, discovered that he was immovable ; nor would Jan allow him to leave the tree until he had promised that they should live another half century.

“ They jogged on in the old way for fifty years more, and Death came to the day. He was by no means so polite as he had formerly been, for the trick that Schalken had put upon him offended his dignity, and hurt his pride not a little. ‘ Come, Jan,’ said he, ‘ you used me scurvily the other day,’ (Death thinks but little of fifty years !) ‘ and I am now determined to lose no time :—come !’

“ Jan was sitting at his little table, busily em-

ployed in writing, when Death entered. He raised his head sorrowfully, and the pen trembled in his hand as he thus addressed him :—‘ I confess that my former conduct towards you merits blame, but I have done with such knaveries now, and have learned that life is of little worth, and that I have seen enough of it. Still, before I quit this world, I should like to do all the good I can, and was engaged, when you arrived, in making my will, that a poor lad, who has always been kind to us, may possess this hut and my boat. Suffer me but to finish what I have begun, and I shall cheerfully follow wherever you may lead. Pray sit down ; in a few minutes my task will be ended.’ Death, thus appealed to, could not reasonably refuse, and, accordingly, seated himself in a chair, from which he found it as difficult to rise as it formerly was to descend from the pear-tree. His liberation was purchased at the expense of an additional fifty years ; at the end of which period, and exactly on their birthday, Jan Schalken and his wife died quietly in their bed,

and the salt water flowed freely in the little village, in which they had lived long enough to be considered the father and mother of all its inhabitants."

CHAP. VI.

“ Sir, the scene is set, and every thing is ready to begin, if you please.”—*Critic, Act ii. Scene 1.*

THERE are still three passengers whom I have not yet had an opportunity of bringing before my reader. The first of these, Mr. G——, had been an actor, but was induced to make a voyage to Barbadoes, to effect the sale of a plantation, which had been left him by a distant relation. On being requested to favour us with some account of his professional adventures, he stated his willingness to comply; “ but,” he added, “ I have been so much accustomed to speak only the language and thoughts of others, that I hardly know how to give utterance to my own. Nevertheless, I will attempt

it, and endeavour to contribute a short description of my theatrical life, and especially of

MY FIRST APPEARANCE.

“ Family misfortunes, a narrative of which would be of no interest, reduced me, at the age of twenty, to a state of extreme poverty. My education had been, I will not say neglected, but imperfect. My parents, who had lived in the enjoyment of wealth and superior connexions, deemed it unnecessary that I should apply myself to anything beyond the pleasures and the literary pursuits of a college life, into which I entered with all the enthusiasm and gratification that youth is susceptible of. I became tolerably conversant with Xenophon and Euripides, but I knew nothing of invoices. I could translate, with ease, Ovid and Horace, but was totally ignorant of Cocker. Events afterwards occurred which made me regret that my education had not been more generalized. Bills of lading then rose up against me, and book-keeping, by double entry, sat like

a nightmare on my spirits. I knew not what to do, and reflected, in vain, upon the means of turning my slender stock of knowledge to account. A thought, at last, struck me of attempting the stage as a profession. Some years before, I had taken a part in private theatricals, and the approbation then lavished upon me, by the indulgence of my friends and acquaintance, was not forgotten. I applied to ———, of Covent-garden Theatre, whom I had occasionally met at the house of a mutual friend, and he gave me a letter of introduction to the manager of the B—— theatre. My ill-filled portmanteau was soon packed up, and I took my seat on the mail, with an anxious heart, and with only £3 : 13 : 2 in my pocket. It was about nine in the morning that I stepped from the coach and proceeded to the house of the manager. He was at breakfast, but, after some little delay, I was permitted to see him. I shall never forget the emotions of that moment; as I looked upon him he seemed to be the arbiter of my destiny, and I felt as if I must either live or die by his decision. After reading my letter, he gave me to

understand that the jealousy existing among his corps would effectually prevent him from giving me any character of importance for the present, but that he would willingly make trial of my abilities in a third, or, perhaps, a second rate part. This was as much as I could expect, and, after thanking him, I went to look for a lodging, which I soon found in the shape of one room, at the rate of seven shillings per week, which I hired, and began to be in some degree relieved from my apprehensions of beggary and utter destitution. I walked about the town for a short time, and then amused myself by sitting at the window of my humble apartment, and noticing the passers by. Amongst the rest, I saw a young female, who had just crossed the road from the house in which I lodged, and I blessed the muddy street that was the cause of my seeing one of the prettiest little ankles the world ever looked upon. Her figure, also, was beautiful; but of her face I had no opportunity of judging, for she went straight on her way, and never turned either to the right or to the left; yet I felt convinced it was hand-

some. Youth is always sanguine, and raises every thing to the standard of its own wishes. I gazed after her until she was lost among the crowds that were pacing along the streets of B——, and then retired to a corner of the chamber, disappointed and vexed with myself that I had not followed one who so strangely interested me. There are sensations that will not, that cannot be defined ; and such were mine at that moment. Every distinct feeling has a name, every individual passion has a title by which it is understood ; but there are shades of those feelings which have no names, and blendings of those passions by which their titles and their individuality are lost together. I have heard feelings compared to colours, as acting on the sympathies in the same way that colours act upon the eye ; but colours (although each one has a denomination when separate) may receive a name in their blended state, for what else is the rainbow than a mingling of hues ? and yet that one word seems sufficient to express them all. This is not the case with the emotions of the heart : we cannot wreath them together, like many-tinted flowers,

and call them a garland. We have hope and joy, and love and memory, but we have them not united under one name. They must be identified distinctly, or they cannot be identified at all. But this is running away from "my first appearance."

"In the evening, I was admitted behind the scenes, and became fully convinced of the truth of the manager's assertion. Jealousy of each other was the characteristic feature amongst the performers, and they eyed even me with more curiosity than friendliness.

"The play for that night was Hamlet, in which I remember that the Prince of Denmark would have done well to have given his own attention to the directions which he so liberally dispensed to the players, for he 'sawed the air,' and 'mouthed' most strenuously, and saved others the trouble of 'fooling him to the top of his bent,' by doing it for himself. The Grave-digger was the only well-acted character in the tragedy, with the exception (a sweet exception!) of Ophelia. This performance rivetted

my attention. There was no straining after effect —no attempt at points, which are often introduced for the sake of a little silly applause, and destroy the simplicity, and tenderness, and beauty of one of the most delightful creations ever imagined by Shakspeare or by Nature. I had never seen the part acted or heard it sung so well before, and I have never known it acted or sung better since that time, although I have witnessed many of its representatives, and, among others, Miss Tree, who appeared to have no other guide than her own womanly feelings—no other master than the unerring impulses of her own gentle heart. But, after all, in judging of *my* Ophelia, I may be considered partial, for (the truth must out) I became desperately in love with her, and felt determined to try my utmost on the night of my first appearance, that I might not seem ridiculous in her eyes, since, at the moment, it seemed to me that such a circumstance would have been worse to endure than the censure of a thousand audiences. The dreaded, yet wished-for night arrived, and Wilford, in the Iron Chest, was the character selected by the manager.

for my *début*. I felt pleased at the choice he had made, for it gave me an opportunity of playing to the Barbara of Miss H——, (the ‘fair Ophelia’ of the former night,) and whilst the rest of the company treated me with coldness, and, on some occasions, with spite and injustice, she incited me ^{I have said} to persevere, with a smile of kindness and encouragement that recompensed me for the indignities and want of feeling I experienced from the others. Never shall I forget my emotions as the time drew nigh for my entrance on the stage. My heart sickened within me when I reflected that there was not a single being in the house whom I knew, or to whom I was known, and my anticipations of success grew weaker and weaker every moment. I looked through the green curtain, and when I saw any of the audience conversing and laughing with each other, I thought of old times, when I had sat down as carelessly as themselves, without reflecting upon some poor devil behind the scenes, whose very existence depended upon the attempt he was about to make. Thus, we are selfish even in our pity, at least it is generally

sooner awakened by those misfortunes which are akin to our own sufferings, than by others, although, perhaps, more severe, which we have never experienced. Were it not for the shame of being seen, I could have cried like a child, as I stood at the side scene, before the curtain rose; but I endeavoured to conceal my feelings, as my alarm would only have been a source of laughter and ridicule to the rest, who were, as I may say, hardened in stage matters. Miss H—— was, I think, the only person who perceived my embarrassment; and she whispered in a kind, yet monitory tone, ‘Success depends upon yourself—do not lose it by giving way to fear.’ These words acted like a charm upon me, and although I could not prevent my knees from trembling a little, when the call-boy told me to be in readiness, my spirits seemed buoyed up with the consolatory reflection, that there was one, at least, who took an interest in my welfare—one, at least, whose heart (should I fail) would sympathize with me, and with my sorrows. There is no music in this world like a woman’s voice—her compassionate voice—when

we are in trouble and affliction. We pretend to be their props, but they are ours. They are living lessons to us of patience and resignation in the midst of suffering—examples of all that is bright and beautiful in mind, as well as form. Never, never, shall I forget her to whom I owed my success at B——. The curtain was drawn up—the scene proceeded, and, after a brief interval, I trod the stage, for the first time, before a public audience. I was all anxiety, but the applause bestowed on me as I came forward gave me a small portion of courage, and, to say the truth, I wanted it sadly, for my own limited stock was oozing out very fast. From the approbation I received throughout the evening, I felt that my acting had been as much liked by the audience as even the vanity of youth could have anticipated. Sir Edward Mortimer never forgave me for running away with more applause than he gained himself, although performing, what is termed, ‘first business.’ The termination of that night’s adventures was singular enough. As neither Miss H—— nor myself played in the after-piece, I asked to be

allowed the happiness of seeing her home to her lodgings, an offer which she accepted, "not with vain thanks, but with acceptance courteous," for not one of the company, not even the 'first-business-man' had, on previous nights, tendered his services, but left my pretty Ophelia to go home unaccompanied. We walked on through different streets, she giving me information respecting the theatre—the manager—the performers, and advice on many points, of which I afterwards found the benefit, when on a sudden she stopped, and said, 'I am at home, sir;' knocking, at the same time, at the door of the very house in which I lived. The thought flashed across my mind, that she was the identical female whom I had seen, a few evenings before, from my window, and who excited sensations that reason scarcely could account for. On questioning her, this proved to be the case, and I could not help telling her of the interest she then had raised within me. To make a long story short—Mr. ——— quitted the company, at the expiration of three months, to fulfil an engagement at York. I jumped into Prince

Hamlet's sables, and a good salary — became a great favourite at B——, and married Ophelia, whom I afterwards took from the stage, that she might devote her time more fully to sundry little princes and princesses, who required all her care and attention."

A Mr. Winnesley and a Mr. Banton made our company complete. The first of these was facetious and anecdotal, and sent round his jokes and the bottle nearly as fast as they could by possibility go. He had travelled a great deal in his youth, and, having an eye for observation, and a good share of common sense, had picked up much that was useful, and more that was merely amusing. He was what is generally called an 'agreeable companion,' joining freely in, or starting a conversation, without engrossing it. He was not, like many whom I have known, when they have once gained the dignified appellation of 'agreeable companion,' too fond of hearing the sound of their own voices. Whilst speaking, he, of course, liked to be listened to, but he could, also,

listen—a very unusual accomplishment in those who talk much. In relating a story, however, or even in giving his opinion, he had adopted a quaint and rather pedantic manner, using thou and thee, on many occasions, and either coining new words or reviving expressions that had become obsolete and out of date. Mr. Banton was of a more silent turn, but, being called upon by the Chairman, he was obliged to muster up courage, and having the fear of a glass of salt and water before his eyes, begged permission to read a letter from one of his relations, instead of offering an original contribution. This being acceded to, he went to his writing desk, and returned with the following epistle, on

THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING TALL.

“DEAR COUSIN BANTON,

“A wretched being, whom the winds of heaven have not visited by day for these three months, save through the window of his attic, whom the

finger of man points at as a monster amongst God's creatures, whom the world's mocks, and jeers, and idiot laughter pursue, wherever he goes, as if the stamp of Cain had been impressed upon his forehead, now addresses you, and, in the absence of any other friend, makes you the confidant of his sorrows. From what I have said, you will, doubtless, infer, that some moral feeling, some conscientious motive, actuates my persecutors in tormenting me; that some presumptive, if not positive proof of guilt attaches to me; or that some injury done to my fellow-creature makes me the object of their malevolence:—but, no! with nothing of this kind have they been able to reproach me. I followed the straight-forward path of honesty in all my dealings and intercourse with them; this should have insured me respect. I am free even from the imputation of crime; this should protect me from insult. I am unconscious of having committed an intentional wrong against any living being; this should have saved me from the taunts of ridicule. But, alas! from a circumstance, over which I have no control, and for

which, therefore, I ought not to be made in-
 nable; from a mere whim of Nature, a freak of
 fate, I am doomed to suffer these miseries and
 humiliations from nine-tenths of those whom
 chance throws in my way: and for what?—I am
 SEVEN FEET HIGH!

‘The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent—no more.’

Would you credit it, sir? for this I have been fol-
 lowed, like some strange animal unseen before
 among men; for this I have borne anguish, and
 wounded pride, and undeserved disgrace;—for this,
 I have been gazed at as a huge libel on the human
 form; as a creature, which had little in common
 with the rest of mankind; and for which mankind
 entertained no sympathies; as an indelible blot
 on the fair page of life—a curse personified—

‘A tear on Nature’s universal smile.’

The world is generally very profuse of such say-
 ings as, ‘manners make the man.’ ‘The per-

son is nothing, politeness, learning, morality, are the qualifications that people judge from, in estimating the merits of individuals." But the greater portions of men belie their hearts. They do not condescend to search effectually—they are satisfied with externals. Their likings and antipathies are but skin-deep. In fact, a being possessed of nature's "fair proportions," however limited his intellectual graces may be, is, in their estimation, a man—a reasonable creature—one of *them*. Whilst he, to whom Providence has given an unusually gigantic form and stature, although he may inherit a soul proportioned to the body that contains it, is deemed little less than a monster—a barbarian—uninitiated in the councils of humanity. A guilty man, provided he be of ordinary dimensions, shall walk the streets, unnoticed by the million, without insult and without derision; whereas, an innocent Gog—a guileless Colossus—an unoffending Polyphemus, shall be annoyed by the half-suppressed laughter, the pointing of the finger, and the chuckling whisper, (those demoniac attributes of unworthy man!) of every fool and knave

and scoundrel, who has the envied privilege of being neither more nor less than five feet eight inches high. Oh! cousin! I am sick at heart! weary of existence! Disgusted with my fellow creatures, I have been forced to bury myself in the solitude of my own chamber! I am dead to all that is passing in the world! And, why is this?—because my feelings are too sensitive to bear the idle gaze, and unprovoked attacks of the crowds of loitering boys and gaping females, and heartless men, that surround me at every turn.

“ At one time a greasy-jacketed fellow, bearing a ladder and torch, asks me, as a particular favour, to save him the trouble of ascending the former, by taking off the tops of his lamps, and applying the lighted torch to the wicks; adding, whilst he screws up his mouth to an impudent assumption of gravity, ‘ Your honour wo’n’t have to stretch much; you needn’t stand on tip-toe, sir! No need of stilts, your worship!’ &c. At another time, a witling, whose eyes happen to be some inches nearer his mother-earth than my own, a

coxcomb, clad in white corded small-clothes, with drab gaiters, and a piece of very *doubtful* apparel on his back,—a something, which is not long enough to constitute a Benjamin, and yet too long for a dress-coat or a Spencer,—stops me in St. Paul's Church-yard, and, with an affected drawl and vacant stare, tells me he should feel particularly obliged—materially honoured—extremely gratified, if I would let him know the hour by St. Paul's clock, as he is so far removed from it, that curse him if he can distinguish one hand from the other. One, with pretended earnestness, accuses me of having stolen flower-pots from his garret-window. Another charges me with the murder of his wife, who, he avers, caught cold and died, in consequence of the rain having penetrated through the roof of his house upon her bed, all of which, he says, was occasioned by my having taken away the tiles; while a little, sneering fellow, in a suit of rusty black, wishes to be informed whether it is true that the atmosphere becomes colder in proportion as we *ascend*.

“ But I am getting tired of recounting the multifarious insults I have experienced, the unmerited sufferings I have undergone. Yet one thing I must not omit—the women—those seeming angels, from whom I thought we received the better portion of our nature—to whom I conceived man to be indebted for half his divinity, the women—whose eyes are suns—whose words are music—whose looks are love, have treated me as unceremoniously and as coldly and unfeelingly as those of my own sex. I was not phlegmatic enough to contemplate beauty without a feeling of admiration, nor, occasionally, without love. I offered my hand, at various periods of my life, to at least a dozen. Clarissa excused herself by saying that she was very chilly during the winter, and therefore particularly partial to a small and low room, which would, if she married *me*, deprive her of her husband’s society till the spring. Rosa affirmed she was remarkably fond of walking, and, as she should not be able to reach my arm, begged to decline ‘ my polite offer.’ Jane said, that looking up at me hurt her neck; and, what was

worse than all, a servant-girl, by whose beauty I was fool enough to be captivated, made me a low curtsey, and, with a malicious affectation of humility, declared she was but a mean body, a poor servant, and could not think of *looking so high!*

“ Enough of these examples of contempt and injustice. What *Malvolio* unjustly says to *Olivia* I might, with perfect propriety, apply to mankind in general:—

“ You have done me wrong—notorious wrong!”

“ But I have no time for reproaches; it is now my hour to go out, for

“ The iron tongue of midnight has told twelve.”

“ I am, dear Cousin,

“ Yours, ever,

“ W. B.”

“ Lord!” said Mr. Jones, “ what a fuss he

makes about his height; I am sure we little people have most reason to complain."

"Why, of a verity," cried Mr. Winnesley, "the writer doth seem somewhat too susceptible of insult, and, doubtless, at times, conceives that an affront is offered when none in the world is intended. A little of old Isaac Bitton's modest assurance would be of service to him."

"Isaac Bitton!" ejaculated Banton, "who is he?"

"Nay, thou must know him," replied the other.

"I am not aware of it," said Banton.

"Well, then," cried Winnesley, "I will refresh thy memory, for, assuredly, thou hast seen him." But I shall let this gentleman speak in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

ISAAC BITTON.

“Cunning Isaac—cunning rogue;
Roguish, you’ll say—but keen, devilish keen!”

Duenna.

——“Fam’d, ’bove every other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face!”—*Churchill.*

“IF,” said Mr. Winnesley, addressing himself to Banton, “it hath been thy fate to reside constantly in London, or even to sojourn there for a season, thou hast, doubtless, perambulated more than once from Charing-cross to Cornhill; and, assuredly, if this be the case, thou hast fallen upon, or, rather, been checked in thy progress by,

a stout, ill-favoured man, about fifty-eight years of age, dressed generally in a kind of olive-brown coat, fading away by reason of long servitude, corded breeches, worsted stockings, and shoes made more for use than ornament. He is, probably, about five feet nine or ten inches high, has a large head, eyes small in proportion, but, at the same time, of twice the magnitude possessed by ordinary men, and rivalling the coal in nigrity; with a tremendous body and thin legs, which give him somewhat the appearance that St. Paul's would present, supported by two monuments, gracile as that of Fish-street-hill. He goeth not out unaccompanied; for a stick, of most excelling dimensions, is ever his attendant. If there were vitality and feeling in a walking-stick, how should I compassionate that oaken Leviathan—that half tree, which is doomed to bear his weight. He limps slightly with one leg, and looks seldom on the ground, for the game that he plays requires vigilance. Dost thou know him yet—or must I describe him farther? Hast thou, then, never, in passing along Cheapside, or its

neighbourhood, thinking, perchance, of business or pleasure, or carelessly humming the last fancy-haunting air that thou heard'st at the theatre : hast thou, I say, never been suddenly arrested—riveted, as it were, to the pavement on which thou wert walking, by a pair of dark eyes, placed under the brows of an unwieldy and tawny-skinned Israelite? Hast thou not felt as if transformed into a timorous bird, and fascinated by the glances of this human rattle-snake—this homogeneous basilisk? If thou hast ever worn a drab great-coat, with pearl buttons, and cherished thy fingers in the loculi, or pockets thereof—if thou hast ever placed thy hat knowingly on one side of thy head—if ever the stones of Cornhill have told “of thy whereabouts” by the jingling of thy spurs—if ever thou hast called for stout at the Rainbow, or paid a visit to the Fives’ Court—if ever thou hast strutted in a winter-cloak with massive gilt clasps, or, when young, hast aped the manner of a man, thou hast not escaped him. I swear it. Men, be they strangers to him, or otherwise, are his riches, his merchandise; and he keeps a strict and watchful

eye upon his goods. London is tributary to him. Wherever he walks he sees around him the sources of his profits. The public is his banker, and he draws as largely upon it as he can. The metropolis to him is an Eden ; and mankind, whom he delights in stripping, the tree of knowledge ; but the apples which he plucks, like those of Hippomenes, are golden ones.

“ From what I have said in relation to his young victims, let not the elderly gentlemen of the present day be too secure in their *post meridiem*, for I once saw him (oh ! how well do I remember it !) touch his hat, which is his usual mode of commencing an attack, to one of the most sedate, grave-looking men that I had ever beheld, as he was passing along Leadenhall-street, and moralizing, for aught I know, on the follies and vanities of this world. He was above fifty—could not that deter the irreclaimable acquaintance-scraper ? He was dressed in a suit of black—could not that inspire him with respect ? He wore powder—had that no influence on his obtrusiveness ? Alas ! no ;

all were vain when opposed to his importunities and unalterable assurance. The grave gentleman returned the bow with a slight and undecided inclination of the head; but Bitton was not dismayed, although I should have thought that the nod was sufficiently distant to 'give him pause.' 'How d'ye do, sir?' said he, respectfully. The grave gentleman moved his lips, but looked surprised and as if he either wished to avoid or really did not recognize him. 'How d'ye do, sir?' again asked the unblushing Levite; then, putting his mouth close to the ear of the grave gentleman, and looking significantly and rather mysteriously, he added, 'Dersh to be a mill on Tueshday, sir.' 'A what?' ejaculated the man of powder. 'A prize-fight, sir; between'—— 'Oh! I know nothing about prize-fights;' said he of the black coat, pettishly interrupting him and walking away; whilst the Jew, without appearing offended by his uncereemonious departure, or seeming conscious of his own impudence, walked on, to hunt after more youthful and less obdurate patrons.

“ He has left the ring for many years, but takes a benefit at the Fives’ Court, every season, in the month of April; and, in June or July, he is abroad again, trying to get off his tickets to all he meets. He occasionally exhibits, also, as a conjuror, and teaches sparring, broad-sword, single-stick, &c. &c. No argument is left untried to induce you to become his pupil, or take a ticket. When he has once drawn your attention, by his loadstone eye, he puts his stick under one arm, and pulls out his snuff-box, which he graciously extends towards you, and then come the tickets, which it requires no little share of resolution, to avoid taking. It is next to impossible, when he is looking for his prey, to shun him. I speak it not from hearsay. I know it; having been more than once ‘caught upon the hip’ by this ticket-selling, Shylock. The Strand has seen me in his clutches, Fleet-street has witnessed my futile endeavours, to free myself from his button-holding fingers. The Poultry, if it had a tongue, might vouch for my unwilling capture. No blush steals across the ma-

hogany threshold of his countenance; no shame deters him from prosecuting his schemes of self-interest. He has been a stranger to *mauvaise-honte* from his birth, and will never be suspected of any dealings with Dame Modesty: he has not trodden her shoes down at heel, but has kept at a most reverential distance; the hem of her garment has never been gazed upon by his penetrating eye; he has never been within gunshot of her veil.

“ See him mount the stage at the Court, and thou would’st wonder that a man could be found to put on the gloves against him—not on account of his sparring, although that is anything but contemptible—but his eye, fixed fully and determinately on his adversary, seems made to intimidate those ‘ who dare do all that may become a man,’ but have no wish to fight with the devil. See him at his tricks of legerdemain, at which he is right expert, and thou would’st conceive that an invisible Mephistophiles were at his side, assisting him in his unhallowed frauds upon thy sight and understanding. He is rich in the lore of the

Fancy ; eloquent upon his own knowledge of languages ; sublime upon the uses of single-stick. Milton is to him merely an old blind beggar, who could not see to face his man ; and Shakspeare a deer-stealer, who never put on the gloves. Ask him who are the three greatest men that ever existed, and he would answer, Rothschild, Mendoza, and himself. I have seen him sitting on one of the benches at 'Change, eyeing the man of wealth with a look near akin to idolatry. The rapture of a Londoner on first viewing the ocean, either in tempest or in calm—the delight experienced by a lover when gazing on the charms of his mistress—or the veneration of the Persian whilst kneeling to the glorious sun—could scarcely boast the intensity of expression that marked his visage as he gazed upon the richest of his race. There he sat, a Pagan Israelite, paying his silent homage to the golden image of St. Swithin's-Lane. Admiration and wonder seemed blended on his countenance as he surveyed the marvel of the chosen ones ; and legerdemain, single-stick, sparring, languages, nay, even the eternal tickets, seemed for

a moment to be obliterated from his thoughts by stronger incitements and newer impulses.

“ Holland, I believe, had the honour of giving him birth, but he has more of the *auri sacra fames* than the *amor patriæ* about him, for he speaketh not in favour of his country or his countrymen, whom thou would'st fancy, by his description, to be as blood-thirsty as the bandits of Calabria, although common report speaks of them as peaceable and unoffending. He will tell thee a long story of his vishit to Amshterdam; how he gave leshons in fencing and sparring; how he incurred the hatred of a jealous rival; how he vas varned to bevare of his treacherous enemy; how he deshpised the thought of flying from his adversbary; how he vas almosht forced by his friends on ship-board; and how he afterwards learned that his fulsh-hearted countryman had really purposhed to assashinate him on the very night that he shailed for London. But let me give him one good word at parting—for, with all his faults, he is connected in my mind with pleasurable associations which I would not

willingly have missed : he certainly has a great deal of politeness, a certain *bon homie*, (whether real or assumed I know not,) and a large stock of good humour. Independent of these things, his impudence supports his family ; and I think the object almost sanctifies the means. I bear him no malice ; but, on the contrary, hope to see him yet, should I return to England,—

‘ Pacing along—the monarch of Cheapside !’

And, when he passes away from this world to a better, (how great a portion of Abraham’s bosom will he not monopolize !) I trust that the tickets which were disposed of in this life for his *benefit* will not bar his own admission, nor rise up to his prejudice, in the next.”

The whole of the company, with the exception of the ladies had encountered the unblushing hero of Mr. Winnesley’s conversation. Poor Jones had been attacked several times, and even the old German had not escaped. The latter, indeed,

related his meeting with him in such a naïve manner that the Chairman became anxious to hear him recount some of his other adventures. He endeavoured to excuse himself, on the score of being unable to render himself intelligible; but this plea, it was agreed on all hands, could not be admitted; therefore, making a virtue of necessity, he commenced the tale of

THE WIFE'S REMEDY.

" 'Tis a bad precedent,' said Mr. Pluderhosen, pulling on his travelling boots, at the same time masticating a large piece of brown bread, until nearly choked by the double exertion, ' 'tis a bad precedent, Claus, for a man to give way to his wife, upon every little difference of opinion; it lowers him in his own estimation, and, if she has any reflection, in hers, too: besides, as we say of the devil, give him but a finger and he will take the whole hand, so, Claus, is it with a woman; but once concede to her, as a matter of

politeness, and she'll count submission ever after as a matter of right. Mrs. Ploderhosen may say or do what she pleases, I will be master here, I'm determined.'

"Claus, to whom this was addressed, looked at his master with great calmness, and with an expression that seemed to convey no wish of entering into the merits of the case; on the contrary, you might swear that his present indifference arose from some former interference in a matrimonial squabble, which, as is generally the result, had, very likely, not ended to his particular satisfaction. Be this as it may, not a syllable did he utter, and Mr. Ploderhosen, after cursing tight boots and tough bread, and kicking the cat into the middle of the room, from sheer ill humour, went out, followed by Claus, mounted his mare, and rode off at a good rate, in the direction of Mannheim.

" 'Much joy go with thee, surly one,' said Claus, when his master was out of hearing, 'I'll warrant

me, thou'lt repent of thy day's journey; if thou caredst not for the advice of thy wife, thou shouldst have taken counsel of the almanack, and not have stirred abroad to day. But the wilful mind is always blind, and one man's ay brings another man's nay: so, an thou get into a scrape, thou must get out of it again as thou canst, 'tis no concern of mine.'

"Muttering this, he proceeded to his daily labour, at which, for the present, I shall leave him, and introduce you to Mrs. Pluderhosen, whom I have, very ungallantly, kept all this while in the back ground. She was standing at a window, looking after her departing husband, and paying him some compliments that might have been comprehended by the dullest capacity. 'Obstinate brute—self-willed fool—break your neck—glad it rains,' &c. &c. were some of the half-connected sentences that left the curled-up lip of this fat and fascinating lady; but as the equally sweet-tempered Mr. Pluderhosen could not have heard a word that she was saying, and as it might renew

old differences, I shall allude to this no further, but that you may have an opportunity of judging between the parties, I must tell you what had taken place on the preceding evening.

" Well, then, to go back a little, Mr. and Mrs. Pluderhosen were sitting in their capacious chairs, by the fire side, he engaged with his pipe, and she employed in knitting a pair of winter stockings, for his sole use and benefit, when a silence of nearly two minutes' duration was interrupted by the husband :—' I have just been thinking,' said he, ' that it is time we should go to Manheim, and see our relations :—now, what say you?—to-morrow will do as well as a month hence, and I sha'n't be missed, for 'twill be a slack day with me :—so I suppose we may as well settle the matter at once.'

" Mrs. Pluderhosen, however, was not disposed to countenance such precipitate measures, but, without making any reply, she deliberately drew out a small almanack from her pannier-like pockets, turned over the thumbed leaves, till she came to

the proper place, shook her head twice, most significantly, laid down the book, and stared at Mr. Pluderhosen.

“ ‘What the plague!’ cried he, losing at the same time, about half of his temper, ‘what the plague have you now discovered? Is there to be an earthquake to-morrow? or an eclipse that will last the whole day?—or are the trees to be rooted up, and thrown across the road to prevent our going? Pshaw! woman! that almanack of yours puts more silly things into your head than it well can hold, and I get the benefit of all that escapes.’

“ ‘You may speak as you please, Mr. Pluderhosen,’ cried his spouse, reddening with indignation, ‘and you may go to Manheim to-morrow, if you think proper, but, depend upon it, I shall stay at home.’ ‘Ay! that is right,’ bawled out her amiable husband, ‘be obstinate—do—you wouldn’t, otherwise, be a woman.—Thunder! a person, with such a temper, ought to be forced to

live in a wood by herself, that she might have no opportunity of driving other people mad.' 'Temper, indeed, Mr. Pluderhosen, temper!—you are the last who should talk about that; and as to living alone in a wood, Mr. Pluderhosen, I am sure, if that were your fate, you'd soon hang yourself—hang yourself on one of the trees, Mr. Pluderhosen, at not having any one to quarrel with—temper, truly; why'—

“ ‘Thunder and lightning!’ exclaimed Mr. Pluderhosen,’ interrupting,—‘ I shall go to bed.’

“ So saying, he took the lamp from the table, and, without another word, quitted the room, leaving Mrs. Pluderhosen in the dark. Not being satisfied, however, to let the discussion suffer any abridgement through her means, she soon followed, and attempted to renew the attack, but received only a snore for her answer—a voluntary one, it must be confessed, for he was not more inclined to sleep than his excited lady; yet he had noticed, on other occasions, its wonderful aggrava-

ting powers, and thought it might be introduced with effect in the present instance. After easing her mind, by discharging no very tender epithets at both the head and heart of Mr. Pluderhosen, she felt rather more composed, said her prayers, and fell asleep. Her husband followed the example, and, in a few moments, you would have fancied that the quarrel was resumed in their slumbers, for the snore of Mr. Pluderhosen replied to that of Mrs. Pluderhosen with the utmost pertinacity and precision; but, as I have not been entrusted with the secret of their dreams on the night in question, the point must remain in doubt.

“ The little endearing scene I have just described was, as may easily be imagined, but the precursor of that which I commenced with, and having brought you, although, certainly, by a rather round-about way, so far, I will now return to Mr. Pluderhosen, who, if you remember, was on the road to Manheim.

“ It was a gusty and rainy morning, and he began

to get as cross with himself as he had before been with his wife, for leaving a comfortable fire, snug room, and getting cold and wet, merely for the pleasure of differing with her; but obstinacy and mistaken pride would not allow him to return. Nothing extraordinary occurred on his journey, and he arrived at the house of his relative, Mr. Schnabel, in time to sit down to a good dinner and a bottle of pleasant Rhenish. His clothes being dried, his repast suiting his palate extremely, and, above all, his wife being absent, he became restored to tolerable good humour, though he was at all times sufficiently churlish. The two gentlemen chatted on various subjects, and quarrelled very little during the whole day. Mr. Pluderhosen told Mr. Schnabel all the faults of Mrs. Pluderhosen, taking care to contrast them with his own virtues, and Mr. Schnabel imparted a most important family secret to Mr. Pluderhosen, a secret known only to himself, if I except two or three and twenty other relations, and their respective friends.

“ They laughed at all their neighbours ; ridiculed their particular acquaintance ; treated hearsay whispers as confirmed facts ; and spoke with all due respect of their own estimable qualities, as any other elderly gentlemen might do ; and, by these means, passed the day much to their satisfaction.

“ It was sunset before Mr. Pluderhosen mounted his mare, and bade adieu to Mannheim and Mr. Schnabel. The night came on very dark, but, fortunately, without much rain, and Mr. Pluderhosen, who was within half a league of his own house, began to congratulate himself, and fancy what a triumph he should have over his superstitious rib and her silly prognostics, when, as he was riding through a narrow lane, with high trees on both sides, he received such a tremendous blow across the back that he nearly fell from the saddle. He turned round, but nothing was to be seen or heard. The first he could account for by the darkness of the night, but he could not reconcile himself to the latter in any satisfactory way whatever,

for there was very little air stirring, and he thought that, had there been a mortal footstep, it could not possibly have escaped his ears. Now he began to reflect, with somewhat less incredulity, upon the warning which had been given to him by Mrs. Pluderhosen, and half admitted, in his own mind, that he had been punished by some spirit for his lack of faith; yet, whilst he rode on, considerably faster than before, he could not help muttering to himself:—‘The devil reward the giver of that back-benediction, whoever he be, with an extra grill for my sake: if the agent be spiritual, I am sure, at least, that the punishment is corporeal. Thunder and lightning! whether mortal man, or mischievous sprite, whether a hedge-hidden marauder or an invisible elfin, it is, at best, but a cowardly method of doing business; and I would tell him so to his face, by the light of day, an’ it were the devil himself that owned to it!’

“The fact is that Mr. Pluderhosen, though the blow nearly deprived him of his senses at the time, had an almost instinctive feeling of a cudgel alight-

ing on his back, and in this he was not likely to be mistaken, for he had gathered a good deal of experience in that particular *branch* of knowledge during the various quarrels into which he had been led by the violence and impatience of his temper.

“ He arrived home without farther accident, and Claus, as he assisted his master to dismount, called to his mistress, who instantly came out and welcomed him with more courtesy than might have been expected, considering the ungracious terms on which they parted in the morning. When, however, she had lighted him into the room, she looked at him with an expression of surprise and concern, exclaiming, — ‘ Why, what ails you, Mr. Pluderhosen? Ah! it is as I said; you went from home this morning as straight as an arrow, and you have returned as crooked as a bow. What has befallen you?’

“ Her husband, however, thought it better to tell a lie than be laughed at by his inquisitive lady,

and said, as he endeavoured, though with evident pain, to stand erect, that it was nothing but the motion of the mare, and his not being accustomed to ride so far in one day. His wife, nevertheless, was rather incredulous, and wanted to persuade him to let her apply to his back some ointment, which, she averred, was never known to fail, but, suffering as he did from the pain, he was still determined to keep the cudgelling a secret, if possible, and Mrs. Pluderhosen, after repeating her solicitations for a quarter of an hour, gave up the point. Having some household work to attend to, she remained below a little while longer than Mr. Pluderhosen, and, on going into the bed-room, discovered that he had just dropped off to sleep. She took a light, and was in the act of examining his back, when he awoke, and roared out, 'The devil and all his sins! what are you about?'

" 'Nay, Mr. Pluderhosen, be not so violent—it is for your good—I never saw such a swelled back before.'

“ ‘A what?’ ejaculated her husband, rubbing his eyes, and seemingly rousing his recollection.

“ ‘A wale across your back, my dear, as broad,

at the very least, as my wrist.’

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“ ‘All’s out, then,’ cried Mr. Pluderhosen, now wide awake, ‘all’s out—and so you may as well get the ointment.’

“ ‘She immediately complied; and, whilst she

rubbed the afflicted parts, he told her how it had happened.

“ ‘And now,’ said the good woman, as he concluded his story, and she her application of the unction, ‘will you maintain that my prophecy had no truth in it? The blow that gives a wound like this comes not from mortal hand, be assured of it. There was Tobias Schilf, the button-maker, was struck in the same way, for going out visiting on a day of evil token; but his hurt was upon the top of his head. And then there was Gerhard Krähe,

the showman, was pitched clean over the bridge, and would, I dare be sworn, have been drowned, had there been any water in the river at that time. And then there was'——

“ ‘ Well!’ said Mr. Pluderhosen, cutting her short, ‘ I’ll hear of them to-morrow, or I may be troubled with ugly dreams. Good night!’

“ ‘ Good night!’ answered Mrs. Pluderhosen, drawing the clothes, of which he had got rather more than his share, to her own side; and they both went off to the same tunes, which tunes proceeded from the same organs.

“ I must now let you into a secret, which will elucidate the whole mystery of the transaction that had given Mr. Pluderhosen such bodily suffering and vexation of mind.

“ After Mr. Pladerhosen’s departure, in the morning, his spouse sate down to breakfast in no very good humour, and vowing that she would

make him repent of his conduct. Now, the almanack certainly told her that it was an inauspicious day, and she, as certainly, placed a good portion of faith in it; but, to make all sure, she offered Claus a dollar, if he could contrive to conceal himself in some tree by that side of the road which his master usually took, and deal him a blow sufficiently forcible to remind him, at any future time, of his wickedness and folly in not hearkening to his wife's counsels.

“ It so happened that Claus' master had been very cross to him for a considerable period, and, instead of being paid for it, he would have given a dollar, if he had had one, for the job that his mistress entrusted to his care. Indeed, he executed his commission with so much good will that he almost exceeded the limit granted by Mrs. Pluderhosen, and, instead of a little wholesome correction, had nearly supplied his master with a passport to the next world. There was a short cut across the fields, which Mr. Pluderhosen, being on horseback, could not take advantage of, but

Claus found it exceedingly convenient, as it enabled him to reach home first, and thus escape all suspicion.

“ Mrs. Pluderhosen’s remedy, although certainly not to be recommended, had its effect, for, from that time, her husband treated her with more kindness, did nothing in opposition to her wishes, and, above all, never went on a journey without first consulting the almanack.”

My dear Mr. Moore, I am, Sir, Yours,

CHAP. VIII.

" To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast ;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world."

Moore.

WE had been at sea above a month without speaking any vessel, although several had been seen at a distance, when one morning a ship was discovered nearly right a-head, which appeared to be standing towards us. By the time she came within hail, our captain was standing upon deck with a speaking-trumpet, and having ascertained the ship's name, and made other inquiries, he hove the brig to, whilst the master of the stranger had his boat lowered, and, together

with his supercargo, was brought on board the Gondola. There was something startling in the appearance of these men as they came over our vessel's side. It seemed as if the deep had given up some of its victims, and that they sought an asylum among the living creatures of this world. The captain was short, and, no doubt, had originally been thick-set, as his muscles still testified, but illness and misery had reduced him almost to a skeleton. His face was nearly of a livid hue, and his beard had grown so long that he scarcely looked like a human being. The supercargo was also very thin, but much taller than the captain, and his features were far more prepossessing; in fact, they might be accounted handsome. His feet, hands, and face, however, were covered with eruptions, proceeding probably either from leprosy or the yaws. The seamen, who were for the most part Scotch, and wore the plaid-cap, moved about like shadows. Nothing could exceed the contrast which their appearance offered to the robust, well-fed crew that flocked around and questioned them; and it struck me they had a

melancholy consciousness of this, which interested and affected me. The captain informed us that he came from Sierra Leone, and was bound (if I remember right) to Liverpool. He had gone out from England as second mate, but the captain and chief mate having died of the yellow fever at Sierra Leone, he was bringing home the vessel with the few men whom the climate had left him. A surgeon and the greater part of the crew had perished, and he himself had very narrowly escaped. The whole of their voyage hitherto had been a succession of irksome calms or the most violent storms, and the provisions would have been completely exhausted, if the captain had not put the crew upon allowance. Our captain, who really was a good fellow, supplied them liberally with meat, wine, rum, brandy, and potatoes, for which they heartily thanked him, and retired in much better spirits than they had entered. We gazed after their attenuated figures and ghastly visages as they rowed away, and saw them speedily regain their vessel. The breeze, which had been rather faint, began to freshen, the captain and

supercargo waved their caps as a parting salutation, the dark ship, with her ghost-like mariners, glided over the melancholy waters, the sea-birds followed with a shrieking sound, and in a short time we entirely lost sight of her.

On the evening of this day the conversation naturally enough turned towards the rencontre of the morning, when the Captain was desired to indulge us with an account of one or other of his sea-adventures. The result of this application was—

THE BLACK TRADER.

“The second voyage I ever made was in the Good Intent, of Glasgow, bound to Puerto Rico. I have reason to remember it, for an awful and solemn mystery that attended it has impressed it deeply on my memory, and few who were then with me have forgotten the perils and the horrors of that fated passage. We had light but fa-

avourite winds for the first five weeks, and the captain and passengers were anticipating a speedy end to the voyage, when one night, as we were running about seven knots an hour, Gibbie Allan, who had the watch upon deck, saw a light to leeward shining upon the water, or rather a snowy streak, as it appeared, at the distance of little more than a cable's length from the vessel. The captain, although he imagined it to be only the foam of a wave, immediately ordered Gibbie to heave the lead, but he found no bottom; and the man at the helm, who at the first alarm had altered the ship's course by the captain's orders, was now commanded to steer on as before. At that moment a large black-looking vessel, which none of us had previously observed, came sailing swiftly over the white spot towards us. Our captain hailed her, but no one answered; and indeed not a soul was to be seen upon her deck. Her sails, like her hull, appeared to be perfectly black; and she seemed wandering like a dark spirit over the restless billows of the ocean. 'That's an ill token,' said Gibbie, as he followed the departing vessel

with his eye, 'that's an ill token, or Gibbie ken's naething about it! As sure as we are on the waters, yon's the Black Trader, and few who meet her, be they gentle or simple, can boast much of a prosperous voyage. Aw' is no' right, and some o' us will find it sae afore the morn.' As he concluded, seven small pale blue-lights were seen dancing on our deck, near the forecastle, and, having remained for a few seconds, suddenly disappeared. The captain started, and, muttering something to himself, paced up and down in a hurried and agitated manner, whilst the rest of those on deck eyed him with evident curiosity and apprehension. We had now just approached the glittering streak that I spoke of, when suddenly the vessel struck, but without doing any material injury. She struck a second time, the rudder was lost—a third time, and the foremast and bowsprit were swept away. The cries of the passengers, who were awakened from their dreams to a sense of danger enough to appal the stoutest heart, burst with a shrill, mournful, and discordant sound on the ears of those who were upon deck.

They were answered by a loud hoarse laugh, but whence it proceeded no one knew. All stood gazing at each other unconsciously, yet with an expression that showed they were under the influence of supernatural terrors. We sounded the pump, and found that the ship had already more than three feet water in the hold. She had fallen with her starboard side on the rocks, and her ports were only about two feet above water. The vessel still kept striking, and seemed to be settling more and more, when the captain ordered the main and mizen mast to be cut away, and the motion of the wreck was considerably diminished. Whilst we were in this situation, the wind began to increase until it swelled into a complete tempest, and the rain burst over us in torrents. Our sole remaining place of refuge from destruction was on the larboard side, where we contrived to lash ourselves, for the waves broke so frequently and so heavily over the wreck that every soul on board of her must otherwise have perished. We were now perfectly helpless, and awaited death with the fortitude of despair. Then were heard prayers

from lips that but a short time before had uttered blasphemy and wickedness, and the paleness of the sea-foam was on the sunburnt faces of the crew. Amidst us was one fair and trembling girl, our only female passenger, who was lashed at the side of her father, and kept her arms continually round his neck, as if anxious not to be separated even when the wreck should go to pieces. It was a heart-breaking sight to see one, who appeared but a tender and weakly flower, clinging in her fear to an aged parent, and seeming to dread death less than being divided from him who had cherished her in his heart, and loved her with all the fondness that a father feels for his first-born child. She bore up, however, as well as many of our hardest seamen, for hopeless danger makes all equal, and the warrior in the field, the mariner on the sea, and the maiden who would tremble if a bee but crossed her path, may feel the same emotions and bear them in the same manner when destruction seems inevitable. Just at that cold and cheerless time between the departure of the night and the break of day, the dark vessel again

passed us within hail, but to our repeated calls no answer was given, except seven loud and discordant yells, and Gibbie Allan, who looked out anxiously, counted seven forms leaning over that side of the dark ship which was nearest towards us. A superstitious but undefinable sensation arose in the minds of all; but none dared to utter his thoughts to his brother sufferer; and as the sombre vessel shot out of sight, each betook himself to prayer, and endeavoured to make his peace with that God before whose presence all expected so shortly to be summoned. As the morning advanced the winds suddenly ceased, but we were still subjected to a very heavy swell which broke over us at intervals. One of the sailors found means to procure some biscuit, which, although damaged by the salt water, was peculiarly acceptable in our exhausted state. Gibbie Allan also got us a little rum, and, after having made a good meal, our hopes began in some measure to revive.

“Towards the evening, a light breeze sprang up,

which the captain was afraid would increase as on the preceding day; for the clouds, the seaman's barometer, indicated a gale. This was cruel news to beings in our desolate situation, and, what was worse, we soon found it realized, for the wind began to freshen amain, and the wreck, from its repeated concussions against the rocks, seemed every moment in danger of going to pieces. At this critical period, when the fears of all were at their height, and a lingering, if not an immediate, death appeared inevitable, the captain, who was looking out with the utmost anxiety, suddenly exclaimed, ' Cheer up! there's a sail a-head! there's a sail a-head!' and then remained breathlessly gazing over the ocean to mark the direction she took. ' 'Tis all right!' said he, ' she is running down to us! See, see! how nobly she comes into view. If these bits of timber but keep together till she nears us, all will be well! But, death! she alters her course! What's to be done? We have no signals, and we cannot fire a gun. Ha! she changes again. Hurrah! Hurrah! we are worth a thousand dead men yet!'

The interval between the first appearance and near approach of the strange sail was one not merely of suspense but of agony—of positive mental agony. At length, she neared and hailed us, and part of the crew having, with great difficulty, lowered her boat, put off at the imminent risk of their own lives to rescue ours. After the most strenuous exertions had been used, and the greatest perils braved by the daring fellows in the boat, we were all conveyed in safety on board the ship, which proved to be the *Carib*, from Montego Bay, bound to Liverpool. The captain treated us with great kindness, and, by his aid, and the assistance of his passengers, we were furnished with dry clothes and provisions of every kind. So different was our situation, by comparison, that we scarcely heeded the increasing violence of the winds and the swell of the irritated waters, although the captain of the *Carib* by no means seemed to share our insensibility, but remained constantly on deck, and gave his orders with redoubled activity. As we looked towards the wreck that we had quitted, a large

dark shadow glided between us, and when that had passed away not a trace of the Good Intent was to be seen. The vessel went gallantly on her way, and stood the buffeting of the storm as if she gloried in it. The gale continued for two days, but, on the third morning, the wind dropped into a deep sleep, as though wearied out by its own powerful exertions. On the night of that day it was a dead calm. The ship appeared to be stationary, the sails flapped sluggishly against the masts, and the seaman who had the watch, paced the deck with listless and unchanging steps, when the black trader again came within hail, and sailed steadily past us, although there was not wind enough to hang a pearl-drop on the edge of a wave, or part a single ringlet on the forehead of the innocent and lovely girl who that night clung to her father's arm and watched the cloud-like vessel taking her solitary and mysterious way over the melancholy main. The same seven figures were seen upon her starboard, immovable as before, yet apparently gazing towards us. As the ghostly stranger vanished, a clear purple light, which

shone like a brilliant star, played, for an instant, on our deck, and disappeared as on the former occasion. 'That,' said our captain, 'is an augury of death to one amongst us, for the Black Trader casts not her lights about without a recompense. May Heaven protect us!' 'Amen!' ejaculated the voices of all on deck.

"On the following morning, we took our stations at the breakfast-table, and awaited the appearance of the young lady, who was, generally, as early a riser as any of us. Still she came not. 'My girl has overslept herself,' said her father, 'I will awaken her.' He arose from his seat, and tapped gently at her door, but received no answer; he knocked louder and louder, and called upon her by name, but all was still quiet within. 'She is not wont to sleep so soundly,' added the father, in an agitated tone of voice, 'pray Heaven, nothing has happened to my poor girl!' The passengers looked significantly and gloomily towards the captain, and a dead silence ensued. The father again called, but with as little effect, and then, as if the

suspense were more horrible than the worst of certainties, he rushed against the door, burst it almost from its hinges, and entered the little cabin. A deep groan testified that the forebodings of the passengers were but too well founded. The innocent girl was dead. She had passed away from life to death, apparently in a dream, for there was not the slightest trace of pain on her beautiful face, and her arms encircled her pillow, even as she had held her father's arm on the preceding evening. I will not speak of the old man's grief — his tears — his heart-broken feelings — for no words can picture them. His daughter was the only relative that he had in the world, and he gave himself up to the most unrestrained and violent anguish. All on board endeavoured at first to divert him from his melancholy, but finding that their attentions rather added to than decreased his affliction, they forbore intruding upon him, and left it to the hand of Time to soften down his sense of the calamity which had fallen upon him.

“ It was on a bright and beautiful night that we

were assembled on deck, to give the remains of the poor girl to the wide and placid grave, that shone so glitteringly around us. The sea was perfectly calm, and as the body was let down the side of the vessel, it almost appeared as if a heaven were waiting to receive it; for the waters were as blue as the sky itself, and myriads of stars were reflected on its surface. A few minutes only had elapsed, when a dark shadow was observed at a distance, stealing rapidly along the ocean, and almost instantly the terrible Black Trader lay scarcely a cable's length from our vessel. A cold shudder crept through the boldest hearts, for they thought that some new victim was required, and even those who cared little for the others began to feel the most lively apprehensions for themselves. The seven men were still plainly seen, and the young maiden, who had just been committed to the deep, stood beside them without motion, but, as we thought, gazing intently upon us. At this moment sounds, that appeared to rise from the very depths of ocean, were heard, and a full chorus echoed the following wild and gloomy song:—

We are the merry mariners, who trade in human souls,
And we never want a noble freight where'er our vessel rolls;
We seek it on the eastern wave, we seek it in the west,
And, of all the trades for mariners, the human soul is best.

Our weapons are the thunderbolt, and strong arm of the wave,
That strike the clay from prison'd souls, and hurl it in the grave!
We wither up the heart of man, with lightning from the cloud,
And ocean is its sepulchre, and the tempest sky its shroud.

We envy not the ocean depths that hold the lifeless forms,
We only give to fishes food, that else had been for worms:
Let others look for pearls and gold, for diamonds bright and
rare;
Oh! what are diamonds, pearls, and gold, to the noble freight
we bear.

We are the merry mariners, that trade in human souls,
And we never want a noble freight, where'er our vessel rolls:
We seek it on the eastern wave, we seek it in the west,
And, of all the trades for mariners, the human soul is best.

“ As the chorus ceased, the Black Trader disappeared, and we saw no more of her, but prosecuted our voyage without further molestation, yet deeply impressed with the remembrance of what

had passed, and with the fear of that which was to come. We arrived at Liverpool, where, finding a vessel nearly ready to sail for Bermuda, I entered on board of her, and, in all my voyages since that time, never had the ill-luck to fall in with the Black Trader.

CHAP. IX.

It was a vast and antique wood,
Through which they took their way ;
And the gray shades of evening
O'er that gray wilderness did fling
Still deeper solitude.

Shelley.

ON the subsequent evening, Mr. Jones was called upon by the Chairman, but as it would be scarcely fair, after having my own patience put to a severe trial, to inflict a like punishment on my reader, I shall merely give an outline of his narration. The scene of the story, if I remember rightly, was placed in the neighbourhood of Cavendish-square : his hero he described as a “ gallant son of Mars, who had no other dependence than his sword,” and his heroine, as an “ elegantly dressed female, of very interesting appearance.” They met at a “ fashionable watering-place,” became “ mutually

enamoured," and eloped. Then followed a long tale about their being pursued by her "offended sire," but too late to prevent the match, and of the "happy pair" departing for the continent, to spend the honeymoon. Next came intelligence of the lady being in that way "in which all ladies wish to be who love their lords," and of the "gallant officer" striving, by every means in his power, to effect a reconciliation with the father of the "beloved object of his affections." Unfortunately, however, as Mr. Jones observed, "his efforts were not crowned with success," for the old gentleman never forgave them to the day of his decease. This latter event put them in possession of a handsome fortune, and Mr. Jones concluded, after giving a complete history of the "endearing pledges of their affection," with some remarks on the "exasperated parent," and with the novel exclamation of "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

When he had finished, Mrs. Barenton, being nominated the next speaker, drew a neatly-folded manuscript from her reticule, and read the story of

THE BAVARIAN BROTHERS.

“ There were three brothers travelling, at night-fall, through a dark and solitary forest, in the wildest part of the eastern border of Bavaria. They were all young, the eldest not being more than twenty years of age, and their fears increased upon them as the shadows fell from the clouded skies, and hung waving, to and fro, on the branches of the creaking trees. Although wearied with a day's journey, they advanced as rapidly as the nature of the path would admit, hoping to arrive at the outskirts of the wood before midnight; for, among the traditions of the Bavarian peasantry, it had an ill name, and was reported to be not only a place of resort for robbers, but likewise the haunt of malign and cunning spirits, who possessed additional power and influence after the twelfth hour of the night had passed away. They, however, were unable to effect their object, for they had scarcely proceeded two-thirds of the distance,

when, afar off, and faintly, was heard, the melancholy chime of an ancient monastery, whose residents were awakened to do penance for the sins and errors of their youth. The brothers, who had hitherto conversed together in a whisper, now became silent, and moved forward with a cautious step. The darkness became, at length, so dense, that they deviated from their path, and were unwittingly wandering towards the gloomiest depths of the forest, when Ernst, the youngest, who had preceded his brothers a few paces, on a sudden, uttered a shriek of terror, and was heard falling, as it appeared, down a precipice. Conrad and Gottfried were, for a moment, riveted, by astonishment and horror, to the spot on which they stood, and clung to each other with the unconscious grasp of men stupefied by sudden danger. After a brief interval, a voice, that proceeded from beneath, spoke as follows;—

I am here—I am here,

In a palace of light;

For me have no fear,

Though I'm lost to your sight.

THE GONDOLA.

For me do not sorrow,
For me do not weep,
I shall know a new morrow
When ye shall both sleep.

Here the bright billow curls,
And the porphyry caves
Are studded with pearls,
Freshly caught from the waves.
The stream, as it rushes
In beauty and pride,
Is red with the blushes
Of flow'rs at its side.

O! the sun has more rays,
And the moonlight more glow,
Whilst the roses ye praise
Are but weeds here below ;
No storm-clouds lie darkling
Upon the fair sea,
But all here is sparkling
In beauty for me.

All the loveliest spots
That the earth ever knew
Would be dark sterile blots
To the meanest I view.

The fruits hang in clusters,
And ever are graced
By dews, which, as lustres,
For fairies are placed.

The sad nightingale's tone,
That ye value so well,
Would be discord alone
In the realms where I dwell.
Around me—above me,
Such melody floats,
The air seems to love me,
That wafts the sweet notes.

And the birds ye call bright
Are to mine, in their plume,
As the dry autumn blight
To the fresh summer bloom.
The sun o'er each feather
Such brilliancy flings,
They seem, when together,
A rainbow with wings.

Go in peace, when the morn
Has a ray on her brow,
For your brother's re-born,
And is happier now.

For him have no sorrow,

For him do not weep,

He will know a new morrow

When ye shall both sleep.

“These words were uttered in a soft, sweet tone of voice, and in a style different from any that the disconsolate brothers had ever heard. They felt, therefore, persuaded that Ernst was under the influence of enchantment, and that, for some purpose which they could not divine, his manner of speaking had been changed. Still, however, anxious to do all in their power for his deliverance, they went, as soon as the day began to break, in search of assistance, and after much difficulty, succeeded in finding their way out of the wood. Having taken the precaution of cutting notches on the different trees in their route, they were in no fear of missing the place on their return, and walked briskly on towards the cottage of a peasant, with whom they were acquainted, and who lived scarcely two leagues off. To him they related the misfortune that had befallen them, and obtained a rope of great length, and a large

basket, which seemed to be the only things that were likely to do them any service in such an emergency. The peasant would willingly have accompanied them, had they not suggested the probability of Ernst's being in a haunt of spirits, and under the control of magic; which was, to him, an unanswerable reason for not stirring out, as he was excessively superstitious, and would rather, at any time, have faced the most powerful man in Bavaria, than the smallest fairy that ever sat on a blade of grass, or danced on the edge of a rose-leaf.

"The brothers, accordingly, repaired to the spot where the youthful Ernst had disappeared, and venturing to the edge of the precipice, looked down, but perceived nothing, for the darkness of night was beneath him. Yet, determined to persevere in the resolutions previously formed for the rescue of their brother, they let down the basket, which they had obtained from the peasant, to nearly the extent of the rope, when they found that it suddenly became so heavy, that it was with

difficulty they could draw it up. The idea of saving him, however, gave them fresh strength, and, by degrees, they caught a glimpse of the basket; and, through the dark mist, saw the outline of a figure, apparently coiled up, in the narrow conveyance to which it was to owe its safety. Although much weakened by the exertions they had undergone, Conrad and Gottfried succeeded in placing their burthen upon the ground, which was no sooner effected, than the figure lifted up its head, and the brothers started back in amazement, for they were not the features of Ernst, but of a stranger that they gazed upon, and it was some time before they could summon words to question him. He was a short thick-set man, between thirty and forty, with an open, honest countenance, and antiquated in his dress. He looked at Conrad and Gottfried, with an inquisitive, but good-natured air, and seemed puzzled to conceive what they could be about to do with the basket, out of which they had just lifted him. Gottfried, at length, partially recovered his voice, and asked the stranger who and what he was?

“ ‘ Who, and what am I ? ’ said the stranger,—
‘ Come, come, though I can’t say that I remember either of you, yet, if you belong to these parts, I am sure you must know me.’

“ ‘ We do not, indeed ! ’ exclaimed the brothers, simultaneously.

“ ‘ Well ! I know not in what company ye have been tarrying all your lives,’ continued the stranger ; ‘ but I thought that every man, woman, and child, for thirty miles round, would recognize me, at a glance.’

“ ‘ We never,’ said the brothers, ‘ saw you before :—who and what are you ? ’

“ ‘ Oh ! you are for plain question and answer,’ cried the stranger. ‘ Well, then, be it so :—I am Barthel Kopf ! ’

“ ‘ Barthel Kopf ! ’ ejaculated Conrad and Gottfried, recoiling for a moment from him.

“ ‘Yes! Barthel Kopf!’ reiterated the stranger, in a laughing and rather a surprised manner; ‘there’s nothing in that name to frighten ye, I should think:—I am Barthel, the coppersmith, of R——.’

“ The brothers were now more astonished than ever, for there was a story current in the village, respecting the disappearance, nearly fifty years before, of one Barthel Kopf, who was known to every body, as a good-humoured, tippling fellow, who could sing a merry song, and play a little upon the fiddle. From the length of time that had elapsed, it was, of course, supposed that he had died, but the place or manner of his death could in no way be ascertained. Although the ruddy and youthful look of the stranger belied the assertion he had made, still the superstitious feeling, which pervaded the peasantry of Moravia at that time, disposed them not to reject it hastily as false, and when the stranger resumed the conversation, they listened to him with a secret awe that originated more from the mysterious and singular man-

ner in which they had encountered him than from his personal appearance, which was calculated rather to inspire confidence than excite suspicion or distrust.

“ ‘And now,’ said Barthel Kopf, ‘since I have satisfied your curiosity, perhaps you will be equally indulgent towards mine, by informing me who ye are, and what use ye can have for that basket, in a wild and dreary spot like this.’

“ ‘You surely know,’ said Conrad, ‘of one service that it has been employed in!’

“ ‘Curse me, if I do,’ replied Barthel, ‘nor can I conceive how I came to wander to such an out-of-the-way sort of place.’

“ ‘The brothers then related all that had happened, and Barthel, as he well might be, was so overwhelmed with astonishment, that the incredulity which had but just before been manifested by Gottfried and Conrad now seemed to be trans-

ferred to the other party. That their brother had fallen down the precipice appeared likely enough, but that he, the said brother, should immediately take to singing, after such a movement, struck him as being exceedingly problematical. He doubted not, also, that they had let down the basket, but that they had drawn him up in it, he made no ceremony in telling them he did not believe a syllable of. Finding it impossible to convince him, their thoughts again reverted to Ernst, and they resolved to try the experiment with the basket, once more, even at the risk of bringing up another unbeliever. No sooner, however, were the implements over the mouth of the abyss than they were burnt to ashes, and the brothers, with their companion, were struck down senseless, by some invisible but sudden and potent agency. On recovering their senses, they found that they were in no wise injured, except by the fall, which had slightly bruised them, and that it would be advisable to leave the gloomy forest and journey homewards, for it was evident that their services could no longer be of any avail to their

brother, supposing him even to be still alive, which they now had but too much reason to consider hopeless.

“ They travelled on slowly, and with dejected hearts, through the intricacies of the wood, and reached R——, a little before sunset. Barthel Kopf looked at all who passed him with marked surprise, for he felt convinced that he should recognize and, in turn, be recognized, by everybody in the village; but in this it was quite clear that he was mistaken, for he saw not a single person of whom he had any previous knowledge, and he seemed almost staggered respecting his own identity. At length they arrived before the door of the only ale-house in the place, and his features instantly brightened as he surveyed the sign of the Angel, which had often attracted his notice, and whose invitation to enter the house he had seldom possessed resolution enough to refuse. ‘ Now,’ said Barthel, laughingly, ‘ though I marvel exceedingly at the number of strange faces I have beheld in the village, ye shall have ocular proof

that I have not deceived ye. The devil's in it if Barthel Kopf be not known here.'

"The brothers accompanied him to the inside, and Barthel appeared struck dumb with vexation and astonishment. He saw a party of men smoking and drinking, whom he had never seen before, and this oblivious feeling was evidently mutual, for although they turned their heads as he entered the room, they merely noticed Conrad and Gottfried, and resumed the discourse, which had been interrupted by their entrance. The poor fellow, for a moment, seemed to be in the clouds, but, recollecting himself, he called out, in a loud voice,— 'Jacob Klauber, bring me a can of the best, from the old place — d'ye hear?' The whole party started as he spoke, and all eyes were riveted upon him, so that Barthel was almost put to the blush. An old man, who sat near the hearth, after gazing at him for a few seconds, with a combined expression of wonder and confused recollection, at length, said:— 'You are mistaken, friend! the landlord of this house is named Hans Meissel; the man you

“ speak of, did certainly live here once, but that was before your time: he has been dead these forty years, or near about.”

“ ‘ Not at all before my time,’ cried Barthel; ‘ I saw him yesterday, and drank his health, in as good a can of drink as ever wetted the lips of a true Bavarian.’ ”

“ There was an involuntary laugh from all, except the old man, who had called forth Barthel’s vindication of himself and memory. He suddenly rose and walked, with feeble steps, towards the new-comer. After examining him inquisitively for a time, the old man let fall the stick on which he was leaning, and ejaculated, with a rude solemnity, ‘ The grave has given up its own—the long-lost one is returned!—seas may swallow—mountains may open and entomb, but if it be God’s pleasure, their victims will be returned to earth again. It is Barthel Kopf himself—it is my own boy.’ As he said this, he placed his hands on the young man’s head, and praised God for his deli-

verance, whilst Barthel was too much wrapt in amazement to make any other return for his tenderness, than by dropping almost instinctively on his knee, and gazing about him, as if he scarcely comprehended what was actually going forward. The whole company, to whom the disappearance of the old man's son was no secret, for an event of that kind never happens in a village without exciting much interest, now rose from their seats, and, with many a hearty shake of the hand, welcomed Barthel's return to R——. The latter, although he could not divine how he had been standing still, as it were, whilst the rest of the world were progressing, became, by degrees, as lively and careless a fellow as before. It startled him, however, not a little, at times, when those, who had been boon companions of his own age were pointed out to him, for he found them all old, and for the most part decrepit. Some went on crutches, others had lost the sense of hearing, and others, again, were nearly, if not totally deprived of sight. These circumstances, though painful to his nature, for he was far from being de-

void of feeling, had a salutary influence on his conduct. Instead of singing his noisy songs, day and night, waking the more quietly-disposed from their slumbers, by the squeaking of his fiddle, and tippling at all times, and with all who were willing to tipple with him, he only sang, played, and drank at proper seasons, and went to work with a strong hand and contented heart. To Conrad and Gottfried he was a constant companion and friend, and when his father died, which event took place in less than a year after his return, his affections became concentrated in theirs, and he lived with them as a brother. Time flew forward with an eagle-wing—years gathered up their strength and bounded to eternity—newly-created things and other beings sprang into life—whilst other things, and other beings, which had borne the blast of many winters, fell to decay, or mingled with the ashes of the dead. Yet, amid all these changes, the three friends lived on, happy in each other, though old age had set his silver coronet upon their brows, and the force and power of youth had quitted them for ever. They would often talk

of Ernst, and prayed together for the repose of his soul, on every anniversary of the day on which he was lost to them; and they would speak of his kindly disposition, his fair, intelligent countenance, and bright blue eyes, till the tears flowed fast upon their sunken cheeks, and the sorrows and regrets of many seasons came back upon their memory.

“ It was the forty-ninth year after Ernst’s disappearance, that they were engaged in prayers for the departed, when the door of the small apartment, in which they were assembled, was softly opened, and a youth entered, and bowed down before the crucifix, by the side of which the two brothers and their friend were kneeling. They were so deeply engaged in their orisons, that, for a few moments, he remained unobserved, but, on arising, their eyes were attracted towards him, and they waited in silence until he had raised himself from the stooping and humbled posture in which they had just discovered him. Conrad and Gottfried uttered a cry of joy, and, ere an instant had

passed, Ernst, in all his youth and beauty, with his unblanched hair, and innocent blooming face, was encircled in their arms. He had returned, like a new morn, to warm and brighten the winter of their age, like a ray of spring, to gild the fountain of their tears.

“Many and affectionate were the inquiries made on both sides, but the advanced ages of the brothers, whom he had known to be little older than himself, perplexed Ernst, who felt the same embarrassment as Barthel Kopf, on a former and nearly similar occasion. He was divided between what he saw, and what he remembered, and unused as he was to question the veracity of Conrad and Gottfried, he still thought that forty-nine years could not have slipped away without his being, in some measure, sensible of their flight. When asked, however, whether he could not recount any thing that might tend to elucidate the mystery which had enveloped him and poor Barthel, he sat down, by the side of his brothers, and began as follows:—

“ ‘ You tell me that I have been away from you for more than half the common portion of man’s life, that I was journeying with you at night, and fell into a dark and terrible abyss, that my voice was heard, from thence, singing to you, and offering consolation, but of all these things I remember nothing. To me it appears that I have not been parted from you so many hours, as your lips and altered brows tell me it is years. It is all like a dream. I was with you, and without any warning, or perceptible cause, you were no longer near me. I caught, faintly, the sound of your voices, as you departed, but could not see your forms ; and, for a moment, there was darkness, deep and impenetrable darkness, with the silence of the grave, and the chill of a thousand winters. This lasted but an instant, and was succeeded by a brightness, to which our summer noon-day would be as twilight. It was more than Paradise. There were groves filled with birds of the loveliest plumage, and the choicest fruits and flowers,—sparkling waterfalls, and gushing rills, and streams that rocked the cygnet to its slumbers, and perfumed

winds, that scarcely moved the down upon its neck, singing its lullaby ;—there were skies bright and glorious, as if heaven were but one sun—dwellings, formed by nature, of the purest crystal, of coral, or of amethyst—and inhabitants, who might vie with angels in their beauty. I was standing by the side of a clear calm lake, and saw myself reflected in the waters. I was not the same as I now am, but resembled those who were gathering around me. I was led by them, to the music of their own voices—and never, never shall I forget their melody and sweetness—over the beautiful vales and buoyant waves, until, at length, we came to a scene excelling, in sublimity, all that language could describe or imagination conceive. On each side, but at a considerable distance, were stupendous mountains, crowned with golden sun-rays, that looked like giant-monarchs, reigning over their subject vallies, whilst the mighty ocean lay at their feet, even as a prostrate enemy. I counted seven of these mountains, and as many cataracts hurrying down from each of them. Before me were little sunny hills and beds of flowers and vines, loaded

with purple and transparent grapes, and variously-tinted seeds. Behind me, as far as the eye could reach, was one immense garden, laid out with nature's own wild art, and looking like a sea of blossoms. About a hundred paces before me were seven huge trees that formed an amphitheatre, in the midst of which were seven fountains, every one being surmounted by a small but radiant sun of different colours, which variegated the silvery waters that were sparkling up beneath them. To this spot I was conducted by the rest, who knelt down and chanted these lines:—

He hath seen the seven mountains,
 With their seven streams of foam ;
 He hath seen the seven fountains,
 And hath lost his mortal home.
 When these mountains sink before him,
 And their waves no longer roar,
 The spell which now is o'er him,
 Shall be over him no more.
 Till then—till then
 He shall be ours,
 And live on our fruits
 And sleep on our flow'rs.

He hath laid down his mortal fears,
He hath done with his earthly toils,
He hath wept his last human tears,
He hath parted with human smiles.
To the thoughts of mortal man,
A stranger he must be,
Till the rocks, and the caves, and the thunder-
tongued waves,
Shall divide, and the spell leave him free.
Till then—till then,
He shall be ours,
And live on our fruits,
And sleep on our flow'rs.

He shall not live as they live above,
To be sway'd by a woman's art,
Or bask in the sun-light of her love,
Or dwell in her trusting heart :
He shall not wear her fading wreath,
But be spared for a nobler fate,
Nor joy in her smile, nor be crushed beneath
The avalanche of her hate.
Greet him—greet him,
He shall be ours,
And live on our fruits,
And sleep on our flow'rs.

As the chant concluded, I saw one of the figures arise, and advance towards me. It was a female, and one of the loveliest that my eyes had ever beheld. She took my hand in silence, and led me close to the seven fountains, from each of which she took some water, and lightly sprinkled it on my face, when the others, who were still kneeling, in a wild and joyous manner, again chanted :—

By the waters of the seven,

By the suns that o'er them shine,

By the mountains crown'd by Heaven,

He is thine—he is thine.—

Whether thou dost make a billow

Of the foaming deep thy pillow,

Or upon the pendant willow

Dost recline—

Whether wandering 'neath the waves,

Near the startled mermaids' caves,

Or through realms of purest air,

Or on flowers divinely fair,

From him now thou shalt not sever,

He is thine and thine for ever.

“ ‘ All then vanished in different directions, except the beautiful female, to whose care I had just

been consigned. She was the fairest of created beings—a pure spirit, clad in a mortal shape of most surpassing loveliness—a stainless visitant from Heaven. She placed her arm around my neck with all the freedom and unsuspecting confidence of true innocence, and as we roamed along by the verdant hills, or glided over the waters, she would speak music to me, and make me feel as one almost entranced with happiness.

“ ‘ There was a joyousness in the very air, and the echoing ground we trod upon seemed instinct with life. The sun showered down spangles on the dark blue robe of ocean, and a thousand rays danced merrily on the hills, whilst the birds flew up and sang to their light movements: the grass waved brightly and gracefully in the breeze—the breath of violets mingled with other and even sweeter flowers—the buds at intervals burst into leaf, and the blossoms opened into flowers before our eyes. Nature appeared to have unlocked Summer’s casket, and revealed her most valued treasures. All that was fair, and splendid, and fragrant

was there concentrated ; and, as I stood with my fairy partner, gazing upon the scene, my feelings at once awakened into ecstasy, my spirit seemed to throw off a heavy burthen, and entered into a new and more blissful existence. It was the change of the worm to the butterfly — a transition from torpor to activity—from clayey bondage to ethereal freedom—from a mortal state to spirituality. The earth-born man became more like a denizen of the air, and claimed kindred with all the brightness and the beauty that he saw around him. It was a new creation.

“ We had wandered on, as it appeared, for several hours, occasionally, however, resting upon beds of flowers, or enjoying the coolness and gentle motion of the waves, when we arrived once more before the seven fountains. The scene was as brilliant as ever, but there were none near us to participate in the delight which it afforded. Many figures might be seen at a distance, hurrying different ways, as if engaged in some important task, which required despatch, but the spot to which

we had returned was deserted. Sitting down upon a bank we discoursed together for a time, and after she had sung a wild and plaintive song, my beautiful companion placed her head upon my breast, and appeared to be sinking into a calm and innocent slumber. As I turned to gaze upon her face, the rich breath came through her scarcely-parted lips, and I felt its warmth upon my own. It seemed wooing me to a kiss, and I could not resist the impulse, but when I bent down and pressed her glowing lip, there was a shock as of an earthquake—one of the fountains and its attendant sun disappeared—a mountain with its seven cataracts was removed, and there was nothing but a level and sterile plain on the spot where it had stood.

“ ‘ At that moment a voice was heard, and the following words were uttered in a low and melancholy tone :

Spirits ! both of mortal birth,
Ye have lost these realms of bliss,
Ye are children of the earth,
Ye are banished by that kiss :

The seven sevens have met and pass'd,
Ye have broken the spell at last.

The whole number of the fountains, suns, cata-racts, and mountains, successively vanished, and darkness spread around us as we listened to the same voice that gradually became lost in the distance, as it breathed these lines :

The mountains are gone with the light of the sky,
The suns are all quenched, and the fountains dry,—
The forms that were spirits are spirits no more,
But creatures of dust as they were before.
Here they have met but for one bright day,
And have broken the charm and returned to clay,
To dwell on the earth in a loveless clime,
The play-things of fate and the victims of time.
They have left all that's bright and ethereal here
For the sorrows and ills of mortality's sphere ;
They have pass'd from our world, they have fled from the light,
They have rushed through the clouds into coldness and night.

Then open earth's portal,
And bind on their chain,
For that which *was* mortal
Is mortal again.

“‘This is all that I remember, until I found myself in a forest, with a young and handsome girl, sleeping by my side. On awaking, she started at seeing me, but a few words served to dissipate her alarm, and she told me that she lived at T——, and had been in a dream, but knew nothing further. I recounted what had happened, and found that my story corresponded with events which she considered had taken place only in imagination, and the truth was but too soon revealed to her; for, on reaching T——, and making inquiries, we heard that there was not a single member of her family in existence. I have, therefore, brought her hither, and, as we have been united by fate, we will be parted only by death.’

“He had scarcely finished, when the maiden entered. She was welcomed with delight by the brothers and Barthel Kopf,—and was married on the next day to Ernst, who, although a short time before in company with a beautiful fairy, was still not quite unreasonable enough to be discontented with a modest, sensible, feeling, and pretty girl.”

CHAP. X.

" Sit down and hear the last of our sea-sorrow."

Tempest.

TWO or three evenings after this, it became my turn, but, as it would savour rather too strongly of vanity, were I to insert what I related, I shall proceed at once to a story told by O'D. who had crossed the Atlantic once before, and now recited to us his

TROPICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

" I HAD wandered for several hours, with my gun slung across my shoulder, through the lonely, but fruitful and ever-verdant scenes of Guiana,

and was returning little satisfied with the result of my expedition, having shot but three wood-pigeons, and an *accouri*, when I came to an extensive *bosch*, or forest, which I had previously ranged. The sun had lost much of its power, and was evidently on the wane, but its influence remained upon me, and I felt nearly exhausted from the fatigue I had undergone. I determined, however, to proceed, and took my way through a narrow and broken path, from which the sun and the winds of heaven appeared shut out, by the high and thickly-foliaged trees. The white cedar towered there in its beauty, whilst the *wallaba*, with its iron trunk and leafy crown, threw its broad arms across, as if to shield it from impending storms. Here and there a bead-tree, with leaves, fairy-like, and graceful as those of the *accacia*, gave its red tributes to the parched earth, and the orange-coloured *semitos* hung like golden gems from the bright green boughs that held them. As I wandered on, my thoughts insensibly became 'part and parcel' of the solitary scene around me. The mind of man is of so plastic a character as to

receive impressions from the most varied and even contradictory objects ; it is Nature's depository for her choicest works—the hive of all her sweets. It enhances her vivid and sparkling beauties, and lends a twilight softness to the luxuriant noon-day of her glories. Nay, it goes even beyond this, and bears a still closer affinity to Nature. It has its (intellectual) dawn, its noon, and eve, and night, like her ;—its spring and summer, and autumn and winter ;—its flowers and its weeds, its bloom and its mildew ;—its changes of good and ill ;—its splendour and its desolation. Can we then wonder that the mind, feeling this existing sympathy, should possess an acute susceptibility of the charms and influence of external objects, and from the meanest flower and lowliest shrub gather high thoughts and love, and soothing, because holy, inspirations ? Can we, then, wonder that it should, when under the dominion of contending emotions, admire the moodier, the grander, the stormier scenery of nature ?—her caves, and ocean, and mountain-rivers—her gloomy forests and her solitudes ? Or, that, when it is

itself filled with gentler, and fairer, and holier sensations, it should delight in Nature's calmer and more soothing prospects?—her green hills and placid streams, and fairy moonlight? He who wanders in loneliness and solitude of heart, finds a solace (a melancholy one, it is true, but yet it is a solace) in corresponding scenes. If he be proud in his deep misery, the words of his fellow men, meant to express *pity*, may be construed into *offence*, for Sorrow is ever suspicious; but a spot over which Nature has thrown a gloom, and blossomless sterility, speaks to his heart in the silent language of true sympathy, and breathes compassion without words. *He* is most in love with Nature who thinks she laments with him. Her gaiety would seem to mock his desolation; but her tears fall on his sorrows, like dew upon the withered flower, and he feels that he is no longer alone, for Nature holds communion with him in his wretchedness, and bids her doves mourn, and her clouds weep with him. His real griefs become wedded to the apparent ones of Nature. She is at once the sharer and alleviator of his griefs—his nurse

as well as companion. Who, that, in the pride of youth and robust strength, has ascended some lofty mountain, whose summit the clouds have chosen for their resting-place ;—who, that has reclined upon some giant rock, and gazed upon the majesty of ocean, has not felt his soul imbued with the sublimity of such scenes ?—has not felt his spirit, at those moments, become free as the mountain air he breathes, and his thoughts boundless as the ocean he surveys ? Who, that has heard the low of cattle, the hum of bees, the song of birds, and the fall of distant waters, when the day is departing from the earth slowly, as a lover from his mistress, has not imbibed sensations of serenity and peace ? Amid such thoughts and feelings, I moved slowly on my way, and had nearly reached the extremity of the forest, when I saw an Indian sitting beneath a spreading mango-tree. He had a parrot on his arm, and several neatly made baskets were at his side. He appeared lost in thought, and did not notice me, till I approached close to the spot where he was seated. Like others of his nation, his body was

painted red, and his straight black hair reached to his hips. I had often remarked that the faces of all these Indians appeared the same,—faithful copies of one original, exhibiting a sleek, but indolent placidity—a careless and inert content; but in him, although his features might bear a general resemblance to those which I had before seen, I traced lines of deep thought and melancholy reflection. I had never, but once, spoken to any of his race, and that was merely for a moment, and I became curious to learn something respecting them. I addressed him, and was happy to find, by his answering salutation, that he could perfectly understand me. He spoke to me in a mixture of broken Dutch and English, which he had learned in the course of his little trading journeys to the towns inhabited by European settlers. I sat down beside him, and, by degrees, we entered into familiar conversation. By the aid of a little rum, which I carried in a leathern cup, I made him tolerably communicative; and, at last, in the wild and metaphorical style of all savage people, he thus recounted the events of his past life.

“ ‘I am of the Arrowauk nation, and, from my youth upwards, was trained to the bow and gun:—whilst yet a boy, I could bring down, with either, the smallest birds, even when they were at their utmost speed. For this reason, I became noticed by my countrymen, and the maidens looked upon me with a favouring eye, and listened to me with a willing ear. There was one among them, whom I had known from childhood. Ayana was as beautiful to my eyes as the purple berries to the wood-dove or the *mispel* to the humming-bird. I lived not when she was away from me. She was my breath. I was not then as I now am, and many maidens would have shared my hut; but Ayana was in my heart, and I loved no other. Never shall I forget the day when I took her home! As she stepped into my *koriaal*, she looked like a good spirit coming to bless Ouayu, and as we glided down the falls of the river, she was like the bright moon descending from the blue sky. We have none like her now in all our nation. Ayana brought me five children, and we lived together like the seven stars that dwell in the quiet hea-

vens. When I left my hut to fish in the river, or shoot in the woods for our daily food, Ayana was troubled, and would look after me in sorrow : when I returned, whether good or ill success had attended me, she was glad in her heart, and smiled, and welcomed me. When I was ill, and the burning fever dried my brain, she bound the cool banana leaves round my forehead, and supported my delirious head upon her bosom ; and when I was weary, she would sing me to sleep in her arms. Oh ! how good, how kind was Ayana then ! But the fruit cannot hang for ever on the boughs, nor our joys cling eternally to the tree of life. Mine, I am sure, did not. Before a moon was old, I saw four of my little treasures sink, one by one, into coldness and death. They fell not like the guava, in their ripeness, but were plucked green from their father's heart. While the hot fever scorched up their little lips, and withered their infant strength, I could not bear to leave them. I went not out to fish, I had no heart to load my gun, or bear my unheeded bow. Ayana used to weep, but I could not, although my bosom was

full of tears. When the last breath left the lips of my fourth child, who was the most like Ayana of them all, I think I died too, or else a sad change came over me. I can but imperfectly describe what I then felt. It was, and still is, like a dream. All that I can remember is that I seemed not to have altered in form, but in mind, and to have lost all feeling, either of good or evil. I appeared to be in the same spot as before; but there was nothing above, below, or around me, except a kind of cloud, or troubled water, or something which was, and yet was not distinct. At that time I was nothing; or, at best, but like that trunk (and he pointed to a fallen tree, a few green leaves upon the top of which, remained as vestiges of existence) which, though there is yet some life about it, can never flourish more. I had a wife; but felt not that I was a husband;—I had still one child left; but knew not that I was a father. My mind was dark:—it was Ayana's kiss that awakened me from the dead, and I went out and dug a grave for my child, beside her brothers and

sisters; and I laid her in it, and returned to Ayana:—she was weeping, and then I wept too, and felt comforted. And we lived on, and dearly cherished our only child, who was as a bright star shining through the night of our sorrow. One day as I was returning home, loaded with the produce of my toil, I felt an unusual pressure on my mind, with misgivings of evil, but knew not what that evil was. Ayana came not out to meet me, as she was wont, and this confirmed my forebodings. I was unwilling, and yet anxious to enter the hut. I at length opened the door, and at the sight of Ayana I started, and said, ‘Our child is dead!’ and Ayana answered not, but wept, and pointed to a mat in the corner of the hut, and she groaned aloud.

“ ‘There lay the body of our lovely—our innocent—our last child; and I had none but Ayana to care for in the whole world. My poor girl had gone, without suspecting danger, into my koriaal, just above the falls, and sighed her sweet spirit out upon the cold and desolating waters. When

I threw the pitiless earth over the body of the last one that my blood had warmed,—that my breath had animated ;—it seemed to fall upon my own heart. Ah ! I shall never forget how lonely Ayana and I became. Often did we sit, for hours together, without speaking, and gaze upon the spot where our children used to be ; and then we would turn and look at each other, and sigh in the anguish of our childless hearts. But there was a still darker storm hanging over the peace of Ouayo. One of our nation, in passing near my hut, was severely bitten by a *bosch-meester*, (bush-master,) whose bite is considered to be incurable. I had learned from my father, who acquired a great reputation, among our countrymen, by his knowledge of plants and shrubs, to judge with some certainty of the powers and properties of various healing herbs ; and I immediately endeavoured to make that skill subservient to a good purpose. I was with Uteko for many a long day and sleepless night, and watched him with a brother's care, when darkness was on his brain, and the sky-fires in his eye. He at length recovered,

and seemed grateful, and I loved him well. But, oh! he was like the coral-snake, and had two faces.* One, of seeming friendship, deceived me; the other, of pretended love, beguiled Ayana. I will tell you all; although the recollection of what has passed nearly maddens me:—I sometimes went to the town of the white men, to sell the baskets that Ayana made, and the parrots and paroquets which I caught in the forests. And I joyed to deal with the white men, and loved to bring home the produce of my journey, and make glad the heart of Ayana. I used to go in a koriaal, with others of my countrymen, and return with them. Once we had proceeded but a short distance, when I saw a noble deer somewhat ahead. I took a bow and arrow, which was in the koriaal, landed, and followed the tracks of his hoofs, as quietly and as silently as I could; but I

* The coral-snake, or blind-snake, as it is likewise called, has much the same appearance at both extremities; hence it is supposed, by the Natives, to be double-headed.

never got within shot, and at last, owing to the thickness of the forest, entirely lost sight of him. Hurried on by the ardour of the chase, I had roamed nearly to my own dwelling; and, as my thirst was excessive, determined to turn my steps homeward. There was a bamboo-tree not far from my hut, under whose shade my children used to play, and Ayana and myself were wont to sit at noon. As I came in sight of this spot, I saw two figures, and they were clasped in each other's embrace;—my heart misgave me, and my strength failed: and as I drew nearer, I saw that one of them was Uteko and the other Ayana,—the friend and wife—the blighter and the blighted—the betrayer and the betrayed. My left hand grasped the bow—my right drew the quivering cord!—the arrow was in his heart! and he passed away from the living in his guilt,—and with the faithless kiss of lust upon his lips. I rushed towards Ayana and seized her by the throat. In that moment, no thought of our past love entered my breast, or if it did, it was but to make my vengeance more certain. My mind was

in a sleep, and a dream of blood came across it. I was then, indeed, what the white men call every living being amongst us—a savage. Humanity had perished within me, and the night-clouds were on my brain. A shriek awakened me. It was the last sound Ayana ever uttered; for, when my eyes turned upon her, she was dead in my grasp, and her eyes had started from their sockets. I could not endure the sight,—my blood was cold—and indistinct shadowy forms seemed gliding around me. I fell, with the lifeless body of Ayana, to the earth, and knew not that I breathed. I can only remember the way in which I started from my trance of death. It was the sensation of a sudden chill running through every vein that aroused me. I looked around, but I was in darkness, and the bats flitted across me, and the night-winds called to the forest, and I remembered not what had happened, for my senses were still straying in the shadows of the night. With the noise I made on awaking, I had startled the timorous guana, for I heard him rustling through the fallen leaves to avoid me; and then came my senses back again, and I

thought that I had dreamed of horrors—but knew nothing farther. The moon stole into the dark sky, and her beams fell upon the altered face of Ayana ; I kneeled down beside her, and I remembered all things, and my deserted heart was sick with sorrow. The spirits of my fathers seemed passing before me ; I thought they summoned me to the land of rest, and I laid me down to die. But Death was pitiless, and came not. There was a mountain on my breast, and I longed for the dark waters to roll over me. The world seemed dead—for I had none now to love—none to cherish me—and the skies and the trees, and the hills and the waves, had become hateful to my sight. I felt that I could never know happiness again, for Ayana was gone from me, like the rainbow from a sky of clouds and storms—like a sun-beam from the valleys it had brightened.’

“As he concluded, he covered his face with his hands and sighed deeply, and remained for some time apparently lost in thought. The night was closing around us, and the anaquaw was pouring

its sad notes on the winds; we arose from our leafy seat, and it was with a melancholy feeling that I saw the heart-stricken Indian go on his way to the town of the white men."

"I have often," said the poet, "been curious to learn something respecting the poetry of the South American Indians, but, unfortunately, have never succeeded." "It gives me much pleasure, then," replied O'D. "that it is in my power to gratify your curiosity—at least in a slight degree.

"Meeting Ouayo, occasionally, afterwards in —— Town, I took an opportunity of learning from him the nature of the songs that Ayana used to sing. He translated one of them literally, which I took down, and prevailed upon him afterwards to repeat in his own language, by which means I was enabled to judge of the rhyme and metre. It is as near to the original as I could possibly bring it.

"Swiftly goes the koriaal over the hurrying waters,
When the dwellings of the white-men are seen afar;

Swiftly dart the tempest-fires through the cloudy heavens, .

And swiftly through the night-scene shoots the falling star;

But swifter than the korial upon the hurrying waters,

When the dwellings of the white men are seen afar,

And swifter than the tempest-fires, that pierce the cloudy
heavens,

Or the bright and rapid flight of the sky-descending star,

Are the maiden's steps when gaily, at sun-set time, they roam

To meet her Indian hunter-love, and lead him to her home.

Fondly loves the anaquaw the cool and silent shade,

The lizard loves the sun—and early or late

The blossoms love the dews, which leave their blue abodes,

And dearly loves the forest-bird his gentle forest mate;

But dearer than to anaquaw the cool and silent shade,

Than sunshine to the lizard, or his mate to forest-dove—

Is the feeling in the maiden's heart when, at the close of day,

She wanders forth to greet, with smiles, her Indian hunter-
love.

We retired to our births, but, in the middle of the night, whilst all, except the watch on deck, were wrapt in slumber, we were suddenly awakened by the report of a pistol which, from the sound, was evidently discharged close to our ears. All started up, but were too much under the influence

of surprise and terror to account for so unusual an interruption to repose, when the mate, who was standing near the companion, came down hastily, and burst open the door of the poet's cabin. He had distinctly heard whence the sound proceeded, and, at once, seized the light that was placed near the compass, and descended. On his entering the cabin, an exclamation of horror told us that our worst fears were realized. I slipped on my dressing-gown and followed the mate, who was standing like a statue over the lifeless body of the young man, whose blood bedewed the floor on which we trod. He was quite dead, for his aim had been unerring. The ball had passed through his heart, yet a cold smile, like a moon-beam on the dwellings of the dead, played over his features, whilst the breath of love seemed to linger on his marble lips, and survive the wreck and ruin of his hopes.

On his pillow we found a morocco case, and on the floor, by the bed-side, a paper with some lines, which, from the faintness of the ink, we

concluded had been written the same day. The former of these contained a miniature of a young lady, whose soft blue eyes and exquisite beauty had been well caught by the artist, and executed with so much truth, that the impress of life seemed glowing on the ivory. The verses, which no doubt referred to the original of this portrait, I transcribed. They ran as follow, with the exception only of the name, which was written at length.—

STANZAS TO ———

A vision cross'd me as I slept,—
A vision unallied to pain;
And, in my day-dreams, it has kept
Possession of my heart and brain.
It is a portion of my soul,
And, if the soul may never die,
That vision, now, is past control,
And shares its immortality.

It took a form that time may change
In others' eyes, but not in mine,

For coldness—hate cannot estrange

My still unshaken heart from thine.

I saw thee, then, as I have seen

The cherish'd one of earlier years ;

Ere pale suspicion came between

Our hearts, and poison'd both with fears.

I heard thee speak, and felt the tone

Of welcome o'er my spirit steal ;

As if our souls had never known

What those who part in coldness feel.

Thy hand, to mine, in fondness clung,

And when I met its thrilling press,

I almost deem'd it had a tongue,

That whispered love and happiness.

'Tis said, that dreams may herald truth ;—

But dreams like these are worse than vain ;

For what can bring back vanish'd youth,

Or love's unshaded hours again ?

They do but mock us,—giving scope

To joys, from which we wake and part ;

And then are lost the hues of hope,—

The rainbow of the clouded heart.

They are the spirits of the past,

That haunt the chambers of the mind ;

Recalling thoughts too sweet to last,
And leaving blank despair behind.
They are like trees from stranger bow'ns,—
Transplanted trees, that take not root;
Young buds, that never come to flow'rs;
Frail blossoms, that ne'er turn to fruit.

They are like wily fiends, who bring
The nectar we might joy to sip,
And yell in triumph as they fling
The goblet from our fever'd lip.
They are like Ocean's faithless calm,
That with a breath is rous'd to strife,
Or hollow friendship's proffer'd balm,
Polluting all the springs of life;

I thought we met at silent night,
And roam'd, as we were wont to roam,
And pictur'd, with a fond delight
The pleasures of our future home:
That home, our hearts may never share,
'Tis lost to both for ever now;
The tree of hope lies wither'd—bare,
Without a blossom, leaf, or bough.

To words—vain words—no pow'r is giv'n,
The torments of my soul to tell;

I slept, and had a dream of heav'n—

I woke—and felt the pangs of hell.

Yet, I would not forget thee—No!

Though thou hast wither'd hope in me—

Nor for a world of joys forego

The one sweet joy of loving thee.

He was buried at Barbadoes, where a plain stone, with a short inscription, points out the spot of earth to which he was consigned, attended by those who loved, pitied, and regretted him.

The rest of the passengers were safely landed. In about four months afterwards, O'D. acquired a lucrative situation under government and the hand of Miss Emma Barenton, whose sister, very soon following so good an example, was united to a young surgeon of much skill and practice, who had gained the confidence and favourable opinion of all classes in the island. The other companions of my voyage (with the exception of Mr. Jones and Mr. G——, who returned to England some time before me) I left, on re-crossing the Atlantic at Barbadoes; but, for fear the reader should not

thank me for introducing them at all, I shall allude to them no further; merely requesting that the sins of her passengers may not be visited upon the Gondola.

THE END.

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